



# SATURDAY NIGHT

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## THE FRONT PAGE

ARE doctors not the most dangerous carriers of disease in modern life? is the question with which Dr. J. Hericourt, writing in *Le Revue*, of Paris, has startled France, and set a discussion going in the press of Europe. The French doctor answers his question by saying that general practitioners in medicine are, in his opinion, exceedingly careless in their goings and comings, and must be responsible for the dissemination of many infectious diseases. "The medical profession," he says, "is so loud in its protestations of zeal in the war against the spread of disease by contagion, it has dwelt so on the necessity of instructing the public in the theory of germs and the modern systems of antiseptic prevention of infection, that it is curious to observe that the doctors themselves are the worst offenders in this regard, the carelessness of the average family doctor being amazing, except that we are so accustomed to it." Dr. Hericourt handles the subject without gloves—says that many a doctor's office is germ-infected and dangerous, and the man beside you in the street car or theatre may be a doctor fresh from a scarlet fever patient. The subject is a most disquieting one, but if there be danger in the carelessness of doctors the better course is to discuss the question and hasten reform.

If such diseases as scarlet fever can be carried away on the clothes of a person who enters the sick room, why should a doctor subject those who meet him to risk? If it be necessary to quarantine all those who have been in a house where a case of smallpox is found, why should a doctor carelessly come and go? Is he not sure to be called to the ailing, in other homes, who are readiest to contract any disease to which they are exposed? To the modern doctor nobody ascribes mysterious powers; he is as other men are, and his clothing is made of the same materials. Germs would adhere with the same villainous glee to his garments as to any other man's. It is not supposed that doctors possess some infallible disinfectant for their own use which they withhold from the rest of mankind. That they do not bear charmed lives is shown by the fate of many of them. The conclusion, therefore, seems to be, either that the doctors are needlessly alarming the people as regards the dangers of infection, or they are themselves negligent, if not reckless, in the presence of these dangers.

As the French doctor puts it, the medical man too often takes no precaution except the elementary one of washing his hands. This anybody could do; it neither is, nor seems, adequate. In an intelligent age people will expect medical men to be and seem careful, or they will reason that it is not necessary for others to heed warnings or loyally conform to the regulations of a Board of Health. It is observed in Toronto that the younger medical men are more particular in displaying their anxiety in sterilizing instruments, purifying wounds, procuring scientific analysis, and guarding against infection, than were those of the old school. Perhaps they need to go yet further to retain the ancient hold of the profession on popular faith. They might even go the length urged by Dr. Hericourt, who says that no doctor should enter the room of a patient sick with an infectious disease without changing his street dress for a complete suit made of some material which can be easily washed and boiled, and which should be left at the house of the patient. "He should," continues this doctor, "keep his hair cut close, wear no beard, and before leaving the patient's house, change his clothes and thoroughly disinfect his head, face, neck and hands. His consulting room should not be in his house, and should be constructed like an operating room and kept as scientifically clean." It reads as if it would be a lot of bother. But perhaps it would be worth it in a modern world which has discarded fatalism and ascribes ills to natural causes.

A FRIEND of mine was telling me the other day that as a boy in Toronto he stole away from home one morning and witnessed the public hanging of a murderer. It was a sight he has had no desire to see again. The old practice of hanging men publicly in the belief that the spectacle would deter other men from crime was abandoned because it appeared to have no such deterrent effect, but tended to coarsen and brutalize the onlookers who gathered in great numbers to miss nothing of the show. It was determined to hold executions in semi-private, granting admission only to those who had been supplied with invitations in advance—and, curious as it may seem, tickets of admission were much sought after. But gradually the attraction weakens; the authorities grow more strict, a very few persons are now allowed to be present at an execution, and the tragedy takes place not on a gallows in the jail yard, but in a cell specially constructed within the prison for the purpose. Here, in a walled room—alone except for a few agents of the law, a few reporters for the press, a clergyman to speak the prayer that will not be finished—the man dies. It is a grim business.

When the authorities have gone so far towards making executions private, what object is served in publishing extended reports of the death scene? When sightseers are excluded, why should pen-artists be present to picture in the public prints a scene which experience proves should not be presented before the public? Why should tens of thousands of people read praise of a hanged murderer spoken by distraught clergymen within a few minutes after a nerve-shaking ordeal? It must have struck a great many people that much that was printed in the Toronto press about the execution of Boyd, the co'ored man, last week, would better have remained unpublished, unless the man's memory is to be a sainted one and unless his pious death and the fine finish to his career is to serve as an inspiration to others to shoot as straight and die as devout as he. It cannot be argued that it is necessary or advisable that the execution of our murderers should be minutely described in the public journals, and that these criminals should, at the last, be waved a grand farewell as if they were popular heroes bravely embarking on the unknown, or saints of the church going straight to glory. Had Boyd lived free of crime until the age of one hundred he could not have earned by any well-doing

whatsoever one-quarter of the printed praise he received for the beautiful piety of his last days. It was natural that pale and shaking clergymen, interviewed by agitated reporters emerging from the chamber of horror, should talk as they did. But it is not necessary to have interviewing done, nor word-painters to preserve the scene. It cannot be advisable that men with minds half askew should be made to regard murder as a sure short cut to fame on earth and favor in heaven. To have representatives of the law, the clergy, and the press present to ensure the carrying out of the sentence with certainty and decorum, should be enough, without anything being published except a formal statement of the grim fact that the law had been fulfilled.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, the most outstanding figure among the Democrats in the United States, will spend a day in Toronto soon, delivering addresses before the Canadian Club and the students at Varsity. It is understood that he visits Toronto on the invitation of Mr. J. A. Macdonald, editor of *The Globe*, the two having met frequently at conventions during the past year.

To an outsider it looks as if the United States in rejecting Bryan, may, at the next turn of the wheel, get an idol of the democracy who will lack both his conscience and his intellect.

It is quite true, as the *Hamilton Herald* says in commenting on some remarks in these columns on the way Asiatics cluster in dense masses in parts of Victoria and Vancouver, that there is also some undesirable overcrowding in Toronto and Hamilton on the part of people who are not Asiatics. It is true that we have our crowded districts and dark places into which we should force sunlight and sanitation. Yet, we do not know what overcrowding is as compared with the Asiatic quarters of a Coast city. When whites accept the jostled, compressed and squalid life of the tenement, they do so from necessity, through misfortune and inability to fare better. They know of a better way of living. Some look back to it with regret, some look forward to it with hope. But the Orientals by determined choice get together like sardines in a box, or cluster like a swarm of bees in a suffocating mass. They should be chased apart so that the air can

exposure by this usage, but does it not often happen that the side with the poorer case hires the fiercer lawyer, while the most crooked litigant possesses much experience and acquits himself well on the witness stand? It is the frightened stranger in court who soon finds his knees knocking together and his mind a chaos under the hammering of a cross-examiner—until, no matter how honest he may be, he looks and speaks like one who is half liar and half idiot and wholly unfit to be listened to as a witness. When the unlucky wretch gets outside in the pure air of heaven, he feels that his reputation is gone and his life ruined—until he learns that everybody considers it a laughing matter. He finds that it is considered a matter of course that a witness should be made to seem like a villain; that he did not lose his character but only forfeited it while in the hall of justice; that he may now go back to his honorable place in society little the worse for his experience, except that his self-esteem is reduced, his sense of security in the established order shaken, his faith in justice and the courts weakened, and his hatred of the lawyer who pommelled him a deep-seated new passion in life which he will gratify when he can. But above all things, the honest man—the man who has had reasonable ground for expecting that he will be accepted as a worthy and reputable witness, and gets scorched instead—goes away determined to never again blister at the same fire.

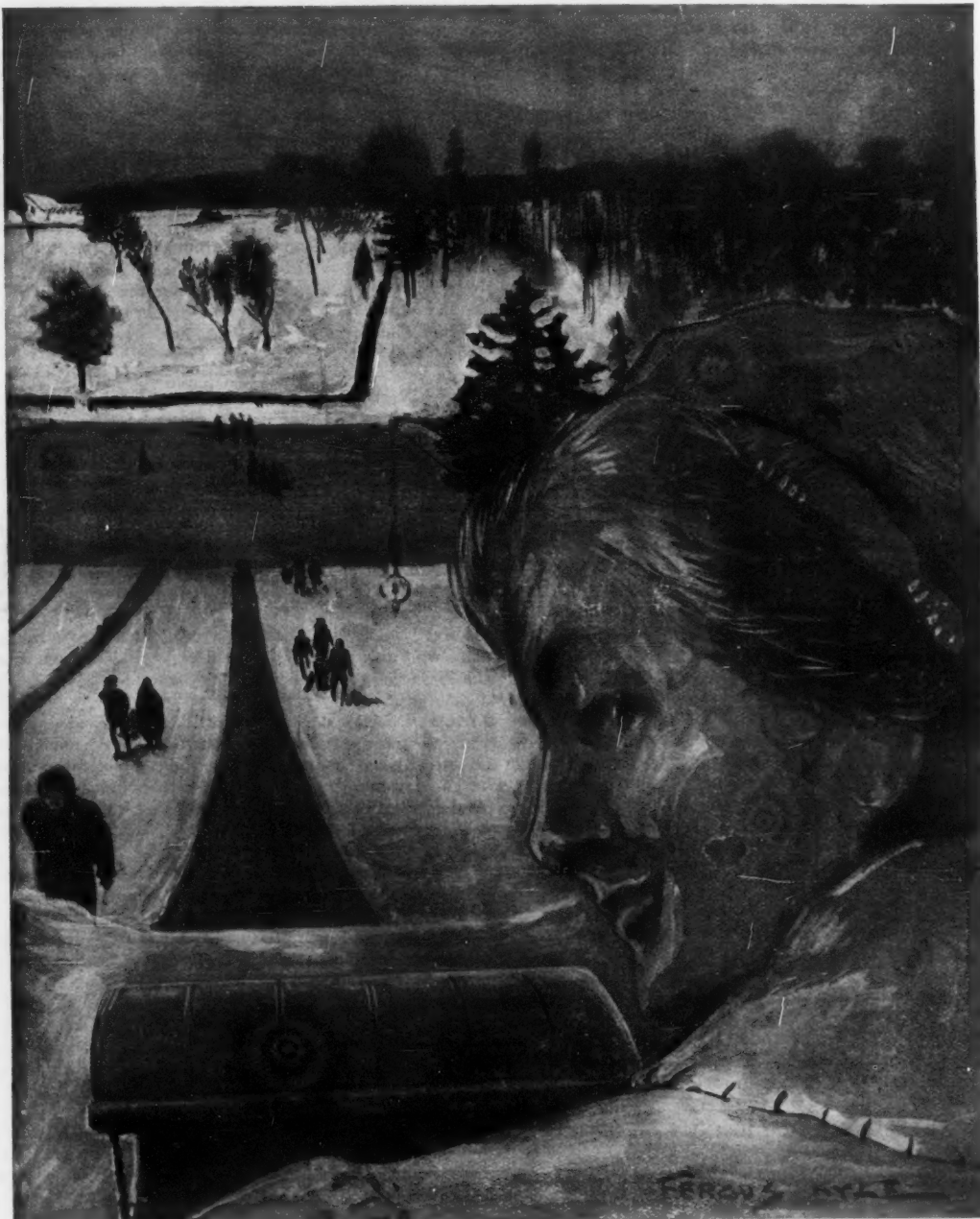
The wise man keeps out of law as much as he can because of the expense. To this army of the wise, those lawyers who thrive by bullying are driving in recruits every day. Men settle cases—especially men who reside in cities. They engage lawyers not to win suits, but to prevent them, and if a lawyer cannot keep his client out of court without letting him get fleeced too often, he loses his client. The impertinence of the cross-examination is one of the chief causes of the growing aversion to courts. The aversion is growing, as laymen know, and as lawyers must admit when they discuss the subject among themselves. An eminent man in an English court once complained that a brow-beating lawyer was accosting him in a tone and language that "the Almighty would not use in addressing a black beetle," and many men, not eminent, but excellent as citizens, might have made similar complaint in Canadian courts. The practice is, as a rule, nothing but an abuse of professional privilege. In an atmosphere all professional the public opinion of a new age is somewhat slow in impressing itself. It should be introduced gently by those within, or one day it may burst in with gusts and gales.

PUBLIC ownership has its work cut out for it. No easy task awaits the men who undertake to operate on behalf of the people any public service which has been wrested from private control after hot argument and prolonged agitation. When private ownership has been driven off and public ownership established, the real struggle will begin, and the man placed in control will have the time of his life. The people, as owners, will be hard to please. They will look for wonders to happen all at once, whereas changes for the better will be slow in coming. In censoring private, and in advocating public, ownership, an agitation is carried on in which are aroused expectations never likely to be altogether fulfilled, and certainly not with a sudden rush. It is pretty safe to predict that if every imaginable service were publicly owned and operated by chosen representatives of the people, the average man would still find plenty to kick about. The perfect day would be yet a long way off. It would take those in charge many a day to learn how to operate, and it would take the public many a day to learn how to own. At first the individual citizen would have a tendency to exaggerate his share in the owning and directing of the service. When a private company crowds people on a street car or sends a car into a barn although fifty passengers desire to continue their journey on it, the people remark that they can expect little else from a company. Should the car service be taken over by the municipality the people would stand for nothing of that kind. In a word it is to be feared that the people would not stand for much, but would prove unreasonable in their demands. They would expect too much, and look for it too soon.

In time the people would come around all right, if strong men were in charge. The real trouble that public ownership will have to face when it actually begins to operate a street car or any such service that has, after a hard struggle, been wrested from private control, will be set in motion from the rival camp. All kinds of modern warfare will be waged against "the experiment," as it will be called—such warfare as can be so tellingly waged with the smokeless powder that financiers use. Massed capital, grouped interests, business influences in various ramifications, will join in silent but powerful resistance to the success of the venture. Men will tell each other that if this experiment succeeds, others will follow, not only in the same city, but in places far and near. If one or two ventures can be brought to failure, the life will flicker and die out in fifty others. So the men who are to manage a public ownership enterprise are sure to have their work cut out for them.

BY-LAWS have been carried in Toronto and several other municipalities, authorizing work to proceed in the public distribution of power from Niagara, but the carrying of these by-laws was the easiest part of it. The people require to stand by the project through thick and thin or see it fail. It will not be necessary to duplicate the transmission or distribution systems, if the companies realize that public opinion is staunchly with the Hydro-Electric Commission and that nothing can prevent the experiment going to trial. But the people cannot win in this or any other endeavor if they vote and run away. To bring this affair to successful issue will be the work of strong men, loyally supported.

Take the case of Manitoba and the Bell Telephone Company. The province has agreed to buy out the company's plant and service at a price which Frances E. Dagger says is a million dollars more than it is worth. Mr. Dagger is an expert who advocated a publicly owned service in Toronto, before he championed the same cause in Manitoba. I do not know anything about the value of the Bell Company's plant nor the value of Mr. Dagger's recently expressed opinion that the price is excessive, but



UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST VIEW OBTAINABLE OF THE HIGH PARK SLIDE IS THAT FROM A POSITION IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THE OTHER OCCUPANT OF THE TOBOGGAN

As Mr. Bryan is in great demand as a public speaker, Toronto must be considered fortunate in having this opportunity of hearing him.

It seems almost certain that Mr. Bryan will again be the Presidential candidate of his party. All ordinary and usual signs point to him. Writing in *The Forum*, for January, Henry Litchfield West speaks of Bryan as the only available candidate. "The fact is," he writes, "that there is not a Democrat in the entire country who stands in the same running with Bryan. There is no Democrat, unless it be Mr. Chanler, who is trying to get delegates; there is no Democrat, other than Mr. Bryan, who can get such a large number of delegates without the asking. These are the plain facts, written without partiality or prejudice. They may not be pleasant reading to those Democrats who have no use for Mr. Bryan. It may seem to them like writing the death warrant of the party; and yet, after a careful survey of the situation, if there is any other outcome possible than the nomination of Mr. Bryan next year, the basis therefor is certainly not discernible at the present time."

That seems to be about the size of it. Time and events appear to have shown that Mr. Bryan was wrong on the silver question. That issue is now out of politics—it came forward, was fought out, and settled. But aside from that question, the views of Mr. Bryan no longer alarm the world as they did at first. Mr. Roosevelt has popularized many of them. In fact, if discontent in the United States is to be eased off, and the drift towards strife arrested, it might be well if the Democrat party now secured a lease of the White House. It means little more than that, for the government of the nation would be the same in all essentials. It might be expedient to let the outs come in and warm themselves. It would postpone trouble, even if it did not heal the causes of it. It would make the Democrats a satisfied and constitutional party once more.

blow between them. In any city the very poor may be drawn together in the poorer quarter. Economic laws operate in this way, but with the Orientals not only this law but racial predilection operates and intensifies the evil. With us it is a thing to shun; with them it is a thing to which they rush gladly. If they come here they should not be allowed to bring Asia with them and plant it here.

SOMETHING should be done to curb the impertinence of lawyers in dealing with witnesses in court. It is curious to an onlooker to observe the indifference of the bench to this abuse, and the failure of lawyers as a class to regard seriously the growing public opinion on this subject. The disgust of the citizen with the treatment he has once endured, or the fear of such a handling as he has seen a decent acquaintance get at the hands of a lawyer, when in a witness box and helpless to defend himself or explain his words or actions, causes a host of people to avoid the courts as litigants and to dodge through any loophole to escape being called as witnesses. There are some men at the bar whose whole stock in trade is bullying. These again have their imitators, and anything more galling than to sit in court and hear a man who does not know how trying to bully a witness, cannot well be imagined. Unintelligent impertinence is about the right description for much of it.

Sometimes, when you discuss this subject with a lawyer—and they stick together like burrs when a layman ventures to criticize—he will explain that it is often necessary to break down a witness who if gently handled would perjure himself. He will say that the witness who is telling the truth need not fear a lawyer, while the man who is trying to tell a cooked-up story will have the truth shaken out of him when a lawyer goes at him in rough-and-tumble fashion. Now and then a liar may meet with



it seems quite apparent that the cause of public ownership will have received almost a fatal blow at the hands of the Bell people if they have unloaded an unworkable enterprise on Manitoba, or have lured the Government of that province into a bargain which the people will reject. In a large game like this there is scope for many intricate moves, and the advocates of public ownership, instead of demanding that everything be municipalized or provincialized, should proceed along carefully selected ground so that discredit may not be brought on the whole business at the outset. But it would be well to remember that just now the cutest move that could be made in the game played by those who would discredit municipal or provincial trading, would be to chortle and say that the Bell people had skinned Manitoba out of her eye teeth in the deal just put through.

It may be true. But even if true, the lesson may be worth what it has cost if the people will stick together and see the thing through.

FROM the reading of its columns recently one may infer that the Toronto News has been receiving anonymous and other letters censuring it for having taken the unpopular side in the power-by-law campaign. It was the only paper in the city taking that stand. Correspondents, especially those who write anonymously, are much given to assailing the motives of a public journal when it strongly advances views contrary to their own. But if a newspaper thinks the popular side of a question is not the right one, it would do its readers and itself a very poor service if it followed the popular cause against its judgment. From journalism that seeks only to rush along with the throng, a country would soon need deliverance. While the writer of this page was not in sympathy with the views of The News in the recent discussion, it is well to remember always that the popular side of a question is the easiest one to take, and is not always the right one.

QUITE a new complexion is thrown on the episode in Court, in which Judge Wells rebuked a constable, and was represented as having excused a man who drew a revolver on the officer. One of the Welland papers gives a summary of the facts from the official report, showing that the officer was over-eloquent and exasperating in the box, and that he, in plain clothes, and without a warrant or other evidence of right or authority, had pursued a man who got away by drawing a gun. The officer then followed a companion of the other man. This one had walked away, offered no resistance to arrest, drew no gun, yet the officer pulled a revolver on him. It was at this point in the evidence that Judge Wells interrupted with a censure of the constable's conduct, as indiscreet and illegal, for the officer not being in uniform, nor declaring his identity, nor stating his purpose of making an arrest, but rushing at a man and flourishing a revolver, the other might have considered his life in danger, and shot his assailant. This, as I have said, puts the remark of Judge Wells in an entirely different light from that in which it appeared when I commented on it two weeks ago. The Judge was censoring, not approving, gun-pulling, and that, of course, was the whole point in the remarks made on this page.

With all kinds of people coming into Canada from all kinds of sources, no duty more clearly confronts us all than to make it plain that there is no toleration whatever for those who pull fire-arms or knives in their quarrels.

MACK.

#### Dawson As a Place To Live In.

DAWSON, DEC. 12, 1907.

Editor Saturday Night: In your issue of October 19 I read what purported to be an interview with Mr. R. R. Hartman, recently of Dawson, on the condition of things as they now are in this much misrepresented town. We are becoming accustomed to seeing in the Eastern papers letters and interviews by Dawsonites and ex-Dawsonites on the moral status of our community, and it does not surprise us now to find ourselves being belied by those who have been or are now depending upon this same community for a living. Why Dawson should be held up as the wickedest place in Canada is more than one can understand. I think I am perfectly safe in saying there is no other place in Canada where ladies and children go about at all times of the day and night without escorts with such perfect freedom and safety as in Dawson. I am a married man, and my business often calls me away from home for several days at a time, and my wife and child remain at home alone, and do not even take the precaution to lock the doors when leaving the house or retiring. I have never heard of a lady being insulted on the streets nor have I ever heard of a man being accosted by a woman of ill-fame, which I think is more than can be said of any city of Eastern Canada. All the knockers who have written of the evils of this much abused mining camp have pointed to the terrible dance halls, which they even now have not the decency to stage have some time since been prohibited.

It must be remembered the rush to this country brought about 30,000 of the most reckless and venturesome characters from all parts of the world, among whom were to be found the toughest characters from all parts of the American continent. These men came here to ply their various diabolical vocations, thinking, of course, that where money was so plentiful, their labors would be highly rewarded. The whole Territory, which is more than 700 miles long and 450 miles wide, was then policed by less than 250 men of the R.N.W.M.P., and better order was never maintained nor better service rendered by any police force in any country. Some murders and robberies were committed, but I think I am safe in saying that not in one instance did the guilty parties escape, and by administering to the offenders the full extent of the law, those who had come for these purposes found it advisable to leave, so that during the past two years or more the country has been exceptionally free from any crime whatever. This will be borne out by the fact that the police force is now reduced to less than ninety men for this whole vast territory. One or two men keep order in this wicked town of Dawson, and I do not think it bothers them much.

We have been informed that delegations of good and kind gentlemen from Ontario, piloted by one reverend gentleman from Carleton Place, who has, I am told, never been nearer than four hundred miles to this terrible town, have gone to the Premier and to the Minister of the Interior to plead in our behalf for the removal of certain evils which they affirmed existed here. It is very kind of these gentlemen, but it might be in better form for them to remove the garbage piles from their own back yards before undertaking to put our premises in order. The dance halls of which they complained so much and know so little, had been legislated out of business long before their interview.

Judge Henderson, our esteemed commissioner, has written a report to the Government on the matter of our

### THE BOOZE-FIGHTER

By J. D. LOGAN

THROW back the shutters and the blinds that keep  
The demon darkness round:  
The night hath flaming, lidless eyes,  
And the hush frights worse than sound.  
While poisons scald my blood and palsy sleep,  
Throw back the blinds—and let  
My soul forget!

Draw close the shutters and the blinds that keep  
The scorpion daylight out:  
The sun leers at me like a fiend  
And, mocking, reels about.  
While opiates drowse the sense and proffer sleep,  
Draw close the blinds—and let  
My soul forget!

Forget? Great God! I have forgot too well  
The horrors of my sin:  
And haunted now by ghosts of what  
I was and might have been—  
In grief, remorse, despair again I sell  
My sodden soul, and plunge  
Headlong to Hell!

TORONTO, JAN., '08.

conduct as a community, and I think this should forever set the minds of the good people of good old Ontario at rest regarding our behavior.

Mr. Hartman stated he had paid fifty cents for a drink and twenty-five cents for a plug of tobacco. If he paid that price for a drink, it must have been in 1901, for they have been only twenty-five cents since that time, and as twenty-five cents is the smallest coin in circulation here, I do not think one could expect to get any article of luxury especially for less money. Considering our geographic location, I think commodities of necessity, and especially food staples, are very reasonable, and the prices will compare favorably with those in the prairie towns of Western Canada. Here are a few of the prices which I take from a bill I have before me: Ham, 27c.; bacon, 27c.; flour, 61c.; sugar, 9c.; tea, 50c.; coffee, 40c.; potatoes, 7c. per lb., and other things are in about the same proportion.

Thanking you for publishing these few remarks in defence of our old town.

I remain, yours truly,  
"DAWSONITE."

#### The Canvassing Habit.

From the Woodstock Sentinel-Review

"A GAIN we find that few men can win office without canvassing."

This sentence is taken from a Kingston paper. It may be true of Kingston; in the light of the campaign that has just closed, it can scarcely be said of Woodstock. It is probable that there was less canvassing during the campaign that closed on Monday than ever there was before during a municipal campaign here. The experience of some of the candidates shows beyond question that it is possible to win office in Woodstock without canvassing. Ald. Dr. Mearns, for instance, was elected after he had expressed his determination to withdraw, and had requested the people not to vote for him. Several of the candidates boldly declared from the platform that they would ask no man for his vote, and their decision was applauded. Mr. H. P. McMahon, not only announced his intention of doing no canvassing, but bluntly told the people that he was not seeking any honor at their hands. He was a candidate for the board of education, he said, not because he regarded it as an honor to represent the people on the board, but because he considered it his duty as a citizen to give a portion of his time to the public service. And Mr. McMahon was elected.

The experience of Woodstock at least shows that the office will seek the man if it is given a chance. It shows that the people can be trusted to do their duty if given a chance. Another campaign, such as that which has just closed here, would probably banish the canvassing habit from municipal elections altogether. When both candidates and electors protest against a custom as a nuisance the remedy should not be hard to find or difficult to apply.

#### American Praise of British Education.

THE American Ambassador to Great Britain, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, recently delivered a most interesting address at Syracuse, where American teachers were holding a conference, in the course of which he paid many tributes to the excellence of the English system of education. It was, says the New York correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, a very long speech, crammed with facts calculated to make those Britishers who delight in national self-depreciation and in odious comparisons at the expense of British institutions and methods blush with shame. Continuing, this correspondent says: "Whatever else we may say about the English schools, they do turn out well-behaved and orderly boys and girls, respectful, grounded in the morals of Christian civilization, with an instinctive sense of obedience to the law and a becoming regard for the authorities that represent it. Would we be any worse off if we had more of these qualities here?"

In London the policeman, the representative of the law, often controls the biggest and angriest crowd by lifting his hand in cases where the New York policeman has to lift his club. Nay, here the giddy chauffeur, for a single example out of many, gayly snaps his fingers at the uplifted club and has to be run down on a motor-cycle. Even then when caught he is apt to tell the presumptuous policeman that he means to have him "broken" for his pains. Such a threat in London would railroad him to a long term in gaol. Some cause has produced this difference. Is it improbable that early training in a school that could be nowise escaped by the growing boy had something to do with it?

Continuing the Ambassador said that in the London elementary schools fads and frills might exist in regard to the subjects taught, but these were not permitted to take the place of essentials. "Whatever else the London child may learn at a national school, he must and does learn to read, write, and cipher. Two out of the three at least he generally learns remarkably well. Nothing is apt to strike the American more when he comes to know the product of the English elementary schools than their thoroughness in these essentials. I have rarely seen a domestic servant who did not have a fairly good handwriting, spell with more accuracy than some of our own misguided American college professors. Would that we

could say as much for all the graduates of our colleges."

Finally, the Ambassador paid an eloquent tribute to the Rhodes scholars at English universities. He said: "About them all was the air of new worlds, and a new era; one might almost fancy their eyes had already seen the glory of the time when, under the leadership of the English-speaking peoples, 'The war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled, in the parliament of man, the federation of the world.'"

"FOR any Power to have a fleet on the high seas which is not the strongest fleet afloat is an increase not of strength, but of vulnerability," writes W. T. Stead. "Take, for instance, the American Armada that is now on its way to the Pacific. It is supposed to be a menace to Japan. In reality, if it ventures into the Northern Pacific, Uncle Sam will be bound over to good behavior by the whole value of that fleet. The United States, invulnerable on land, is venturing her head into the jaws of the Japanese lion, and while the fleet remains in the Pacific the Americans will be very civil to Japan. In like manner, so long as the German navy is inferior to our own, so long the German head is within the jaws of the British lion. It is natural they should wish to reverse the position, but we naturally wish to preserve the status quo."

JOHN G. JOHNSON, a leader of the Philadelphia bar and an art collector, has confessed to an act of philanthropy which might well be emulated by wealthy citizens of other citizens. Mr. Johnson is chairman of a fund left in trust to purchase paintings each year for Philadelphia's Civic Art Gallery. It was found that the pictures he turned over yearly were worth much more than the amount of the appropriation. Several anonymous gifts to the gallery were also unexplained. Cornered on the subject, Mr. Johnson has admitted that he has given the city \$100,000 worth of his best paintings.

CANON Gauthier, cure of St. James' Cathedral, Montreal, on Sunday announced that fifteen applications for authorization of marriages between Roman Catholics and Protestants had been made to Archbishop Bruchesi since he made his famous interdiction of this practice a few weeks ago. These applications were all refused, but in a number of cases the parties applied to Protestant clergy, and the marriage ceremonies took place.

"THERE is wisdom in another Canadian comment, which we read in the always inspiring columns of the SATURDAY NIGHT of Toronto," says the Canadian Gazette of London, Eng., which then proceeds to quote from our recent article pointing out the desirability of having our next great national leader come from the West. The force of this idea has, by the way, been widely recognized by the press.

THE West has been having a mild winter so far. A reader at Pincher Creek tells us that for November the lowest notch made by the thermometer was 14 above F., and did not get down to zero during December. "One of our local papers," he writes, "states that several Albertans are spending the winter at the Coast in order to escape the warm weather here."

"IF Ald. Keeler took a good look at himself," says The Globe, "he would see that he was not intended for the chairmanship of the Reception Committee." The job really does seem one for a genial, roly-poly, fat man, who always knows a good cigar and can on occasion select a good wine for a dry guest.

R. W. BEARD died in Staffordshire, England, in 1895, leaving a considerable estate to his nephew, Herbert Beard, on condition that he did not enter the naval or military services. In Chancery court this provision of the will has been declared null and void as against public good and public welfare.

CHINA begins to sit up and take notice. A meeting of the gentry of the province of Che-Kiang was recently held in Peking to consider the proposed loan to a British concern to build a railway. The meeting decided to oppose the loan, and favored the carrying on of all such works as native enterprises.

WHEN the airship has been sufficiently perfected to be used for landing men from a fleet, harbor defences will be of no use, as one part of the coast will be as easy to light upon as another.—Telegraph, Sydney, Australia.

THE Montreal pay-as-you-enter type of street car, with large rear vestibule, has been adopted in New York, Chicago, and Buffalo, and will, it is thought, come into general use throughout the United States.

ARE the readers of the press to have served up to them again that entire Thaw case? Will the people patiently face two or three yards per day of such reading matter for the next month or two?

WAS there ever a more mordant and sardonic stroke of description than that O'Connell gave of Peel's bloodlessness? "His smile was like the silver-plate on a coffin." Less scathing, but less witty, also, was his description of a lady of a similarly repellent temperament: "She had all the characteristics of a poker, except its occasional warmth."

DANGER of burial alive will be removed if the test of death proposed by a French surgeon is shown to be infallible. He says that X-ray photographs of bodies, made even a few minutes after death, reveal clearly the outlines of all the internal organs; whereas if life still exists they are not visible in the photographs.

### WM. STITT & CO.

Costumers and Ladies' Tailors

During the month of January we are making a special reduction in the prices of suits and gowns, which will give our customers an opportunity to avoid the disappointments that occur during the heavy Spring Trade.

French Pattern Millinery Below Cost.

Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.

Corsets Gloves Lingerie

Wm Stitt & Co.

11 and 13 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

### PERSIAN CARPETS

We have just received a direct consignment of the above carpets. They are specially colored for present decorative effects and come in sizes to fit modern rooms.

By importing direct we are able to make the prices very moderate.

ELLIOTT & SON, Limited

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A Wedding,  
Reception or  
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Catering in most up-to-date ideas

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27-29-31 King St. West, Toronto

### THE "SAVOY'S" JAPANESE ROOMS

are just the cosiest place for light refreshments, afternoon or evening.

And the light lunch for business people, 12 till 2 every day, is growing more popular every day.

THE "SAVOY"  
Yonge and Adelaide

### A Place You May be Proud of

to take a friend for supper. You will find the service excellent. After the theatre you will find the ST. CHARLES the popular retreat for supper.

Table d'Hôte daily, from 6 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.  
(Sunday included)

### Acres of Glass . . . .

At our Conservatories, Bloor and Lansdowne Ave., there are acres of glass devoted to the culture of cut flowers. Three times daily the blooms are cut and sent fresh to the store. That is the reason our flowers last so well. We guarantee delivery in good condition. Send for price list.

Dunlop's

Night and Sunday Phone, Park 792 - 96 Yonge Street

### EVERY TOWN CAR - - EVERY TOURING CAR

Every car of every description to be used during the winter should be equipped with the

### Parsons' Non-Skid Tire Chain

This is the chain without peer and without equal.

We can prove that a car fitted with this chain cannot skid.

We will also prove that the life of this chain is twice as long as that of any other make on the market.

SOLD BY

RICE LEWIS & SON, Limited, TORONTO



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Reports on Securities  
furnished on application.  
Bonds and Stock bought  
and sold on Commission.

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ASSETS  
\$9,424,011

CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$2,500,000  
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000  
RESERVE FUND \$1,050,000

**CENTRAL CANADA**  
LOAN & SAVINGS  
COMPANY  
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED  
AND DEBITURES  
ISSUED

**Royal Insurance Company**  
(Limited)  
(OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND)  
**LIFE DEPARTMENT**  
CANADIAN POLICYHOLDERS  
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PROFITS OF THE COMPANY'S  
ENTIRE LIFE BUSINESS.  
Toronto Office, 27-29 Wellington St. East  
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Paid Up Capital, - \$3,000,000

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to the welfare of families, the stability  
of business, and the comforts of old age,  
is found in life insurance. And therefore

**The Mutual Life**  
**OF CANADA**

invites good lives to join its ever expanding  
household, to become partners in its  
growing business, and to share equitably  
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Head Office - Waterloo, Ont.

# THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MONTREAL, JAN. 16.  
A MEETING of unusual interest was that held the other day in the head office of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, the sale of that corporation's business in Manitoba to the people of that province being there ratified. Of course, there was no dissenting voice among the stockholders, of which there were a great many present, for it was known to all that the Bell people had driven the best possible bargain; that the company must get out of Manitoba whether or no, and that the only thing left was to accept the turn of events as gracefully as possible. If the Government of Manitoba had driven a hard bargain—which they did not—and had stuck out at say \$2,400,000 in place of \$3,400,000 as the upset price, they would unquestionably have acquired the plant eventually at their own figure. This fact every stockholder and every officer of the Bell Company felt. It was a clear case of Hobson's choice, and they made the best of it. What a change a year or so can make in a man's viewpoint! At the annual meeting a year ago, Mr. C. F. Sise, president of the Bell Company, one of the most capable business men in Canada, hurled defiance at the people of Manitoba. The Bell Company were in that province to stay, he said. They would not be bluffed out by any revolutionary methods. Keen man that he is, Mr. Sise failed then to grasp the fact that after all the people are "it." It is only fair to say, however, that since that date he and his officers have learned better, and they backed down in time to drive an excellent bargain. The capitalists present at the meeting were almost unanimously of the opinion that the Government of Manitoba would eventually fail in its enterprise, and that in time it would all come back to the Bell Company. Indeed, one gentleman, Mr. James Henderson, came all the way down from Toronto to express an opinion of this sort. However, that is all a matter of the future. No man can tell. Nevertheless, the handwriting on the wall is plain. What Manitoba does to-day Ontario may do a year from now and Quebec five years hence. It may not be a question of telephones. Quebec, at least, is pretty well satisfied with its present service. The public might, however, turn to the municipalization of gas and electric plants, and this in Montreal may not be so far off as it seems. A year ago there appeared to be no possibility of breaking into the high-handed methods of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company. Now, however, there is no more popular cry than "Break the monopoly!" A year ago the attitude of the Bell Company before the people of Manitoba was just exactly what the Power Company's attitude is before the citizens of Montreal to-day. But who can tell what twelve months may bring forth!

In the meantime the contest between the Robert Syndicate and the Light, Heat and Power Company has reached another phase. For fear that the present City Council would, previous to their leaving office, make a contract with the Robert Company, the City Fathers have been enjoined by the Court, thus blocking, at least temporarily, any contract which the City Council might see fit to make with the Robert people. Of course, this injunction was taken out at the instance of the Power Company, and with municipal elections so close at hand it will now remain for the new council to deal with the question. The opponents of the Robert Syndicate are out with the statement that this newly organized corporation will not be able to gather together the necessary capital, while Mr. George Foster, K. C., speaking for the Robert Syndicate, states that they will. So there it stands for the present, at least.

Canadian bankers are being tipped off by United States correspondents to hang on to all new series United States gold pieces they can get their hands on. The idea evidently is that the United States will withdraw from circulation the present series. Whether these coins will be withdrawn because they do not bear the motto "In God We Trust" or whether it is because of their most inartistic design is not known. In any event these coins are certainly ugly enough to be placed under the ban, whether they bear or do not bear the much discussed motto.

Speaking of banks with United States connections reminds us of what a local banker said the other day respecting the recent tight money situation in New York. He remarked that his bank, one of the largest in Canada, with a strong connection among the Wall Street fraternity, had made in 1907 more actual money out of their New York office than they had out of all their Canadian branches put together. This meant loaning a lot of money at the high rates which prevailed for weeks in the American metropolis. Bankers after all are human and have no stated objection to selling their wares in the best market.

It begins to look as if Mr. T. J. Drummond would have no opposition for the presidency of the Montreal Board of Trade and would in the natural course of events be elected by acclamation. Mr. Drummond is still in Europe where he went for his health some weeks ago.

Quite naturally the Steel-Coal decision handed down by the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia on Tuesday last has been the talk of the week in financial circles. Mr. James Ross, president of the Coal Company, states that he will take the case to the Privy Council, in spite of the two decisions which have now gone against them. So that a final settlement of the difficulty is still months off. Mr. J. H. Plummer, president of the Steel Company, says that the total claim of his corporation against the Dominion Coal Company was on the first of December \$2,400,000, and that it is increasing at the rate of \$100,000 per month. If the case gets before the Privy Council for decision by August next, the total claim of the Steel against the Coal Company will at that time be a clear three million dollars. That the Privy Council, however, no matter what their decision in the case may be, will award damages in this proportion is not thought possible, even by the Steel men themselves. Judge Meagher, of the Supreme Court, in his findings in the case, while agreeing in the main with Chief Justice Townshend, stated that he did not agree with the methods of ascertaining damages. Be that as it may,

however, one company or the other is going to suffer very seriously when it comes to making a final adjustment and paying the law costs.

TORONTO, JAN. 16.  
A FURTHER improvement in general sentiment has taken place in monetary circles. This, of course, has been brought about by the declining tendency in the rates for money in leading markets. The return to normal conditions in New York has been very marked in contrast with conditions there a few weeks ago. The hoarded money both in that metropolis and in the west has come out very freely, and the desire to make investments has been very noticeable. The reserves of New York banks on Nov. 23 were \$54,000,000 below the legal limit, but on Saturday last, or during a period of seven weeks, they had increased \$60,000,000, leaving a surplus of \$6,000,000 in reserves. Money on call has declined to 4 per cent., while time money, which a few weeks ago was almost unobtainable, has ruled of late at 5 1/2 to 6 per cent. An important event this week was the reduction of 1 per cent. in the discount rate of the Imperial Bank of Germany. This bank's rate, 6 1/2 per cent., is still high, but the change is significant of a better feeling in Berlin. The Bank of England rate, which was reduced on January 2 from 7 to 6 per cent., is likely to make a further reduction this week, probably to 5 per cent. Gold imports into the United States have ceased through the influence of cheaper money on this side. There are those who contend that the gold movement will soon be reversed, especially if money in New York should decline any further.

The easier condition of the money market has no doubt been greatly aided by the decline in general trade and commerce in the United States. Advancing. While easier money may be conducive to speculation, the lessened demand for money on the part of business men is by no means a good sign. But allowing for all the disadvantages of a check in trade, compensation can be found in the keeping up of funds at great monetary centres, provided the latter development does not lead to a wild speculation in stocks, or to such a reduction in money rates as would mean the export of gold on a considerable scale. Railroads, however, will need more money to perform their full duty if trade is to be maintained. Advantage will be taken of the lower rates for money, and capital will be forthcoming. Bonds have advanced a good deal lately, and the atmosphere around the Stock Exchange has been clarified. The reports from London seem to indicate that the Bank of England will renew its French loan as it did the borrowing of a similar character some time back, but this will be for convenience, and not from necessity.

Locally, the change in conditions has hardly been perceptible as yet. The banks, while their resources are great, show little desire to loosen up. The opportune time may not have arrived, but with general conditions making for easier money, domestic markets will eventually derive some benefits from cheaper money. Small loans have been made on stock collateral during the week, the lenders being chiefly the loan companies. Large loans, however, do not appear to be in favor. A fairly good business, nevertheless, has been done on the Stock Exchange in both stocks and bonds, and values ruled strong. An unusually large number of small transactions have taken place, these no doubt being indicative of a good investment demand. There are still quite a number of cheap securities to be had, and with slightly lower rates for money they would be readily taken up.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Bank of Commerce usually brings out something new, and its record did not lag this year. At Tuesday's meeting the shareholders passed a by-law authorizing an increase in the capital stock from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000. The Commerce aspires to be on a level with the Bank of Montreal. It wants to be in a position to handle big business, and with the development of this country there will be lots of room for its enterprise. The general manager, in his address, said: "The net profits of the Bank of Commerce for the year were over 17 1/2 per cent., and exceed those of last year by \$11,224. We have during the year," he stated, "paid four quarterly dividends of 2 per cent., or at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, and after devoting the large sum of \$350,000 to expenditures on bank premises, and making the usual provision for the pension fund, we have carried forward a balance of \$675,912.10 at credit of profit and loss account. Now that the rest of the bank equals the sum of fifty per cent. of the paid-up capital, our recommendation will be that transfers to that account be made in even millions and that in the meantime the unappropriated profits should be carried forward at the credit of profit and loss account."

"Our deposits during the year show a small decrease, namely \$111,000. The decrease is altogether in deposits not bearing interest, which are composed of the fluctuating balances of various business communities and are therefore in the nature of things subject to rapid changes. A year ago we pointed out that some of the deposits then held were of a temporary character, and we deem it proper to say that at the close of this year also a considerable amount came under this category. In common with other banking institutions, a real shrinkage of deposits will probably result through withdrawals of money which but for the present emergencies of trade would remain with us. On the other hand our deposits bearing interest, being those of a more stable character, have increased during the year \$1,564,000."

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Niagara Navigation Company was held on Tuesday last, at which the directors were re-elected. They are: Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., president; Mr. Barlow Cumberland, vice-president; and Messrs. J. J. Foy, K.C., Charles Cockshutt, J. Bruce Macdonald, W. D. Matthews, and Col. John S. Hendrie. While the business of the company in 1907 exceeded that of the previous year, the net earnings were less, in consequence

(Concluded on next page.)

## Bank of Hamilton

**A Savings Account is your best friend.**

SECURITY—Total Assets, \$33,000,000.

CONVENIENCE—No formality in opening accounts, or in depositing or withdrawing money.

PRIVACY—Information as to savings accounts is confined to trusted clerks, pledged to secrecy.

Branches in the City of Toronto:  
34 Yonge St., Cor. Queen and Spadina, Cor. College and Ossington, Cor. Yonge and Gould. Toronto Junction.

## THE BANK OF OTTAWA

credits interest on Savings Accounts  
QUARTERLY.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:  
37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION:  
"Will Save for the Unexpected."

**WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT**  
Head Office, 34 King Street West  
INTEREST PAID FOUR TIMES A YEAR

**DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY**  
Forwarders to all parts of the World.

MONEY ORDERS and FOREIGN DRAFTS issued.  
Payable Everywhere.  
Travelers' Cheques

are forms of money credits issued by the Dominion Express Company for the special protection and convenience of Canadians in paying their expenses abroad. The cheques are issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, and \$200, and show at a glance the corresponding value in foreign money which the traveler will receive for his dollars, without discount or commission, by the Company's Agents and Correspondents throughout the World.  
Positively the best system for carrying funds ever devised.

General Office, Toronto  
Agencies Throughout Canada  
Toronto Agency:  
48 Yonge Street

**The Metropolitan Bank**  
Capital Paid Up \$1,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,241,532.26

Every Department of Banking Conducted with the Utmost Care. Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations Solicited.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT**  
\$1.00 opens an account. Interest allowed from date of deposit and compounded four times a year.  
No Delay in Withdrawal. Satisfaction and Security Guaranteed.

Write for Special Circular on  
**BONUS STOCKS**  
Post free on application  
**D. M. STEWART & CO.**  
151 St. James St., MONTREAL

**The Traders Bank of Canada**  
Yonge and Bloor Sts. Branch

Accounts of Merchants and Individuals received on favorable terms.  
Interest paid four times a year on Savings Bank Deposits.  
One dollar opens an account.

"Jimmie," said the merchant solemnly, at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten to get a fresh supply of stamps." And the office boy, in his excitement, responded with "Goodness, sir, so we have! If we ain't a couple of blunder-headed idiots!"—Tit-Bits.



## IMPERIAL BANK

OF CANADA

### Dividend No. 70

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eleven per cent. (11 per cent.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution, has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January, 1908, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Saturday, the 1st day of February, 1908. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 18th to the 31st January, 1908, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,  
General Manager.  
Toronto, 24th December, 1907.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
**Guardian Assurance Co.**  
**LIMITED**  
Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
Apply Manager, Montreal

## Prescriptions

**ANDREW JEFFREY**  
Yonge and Carlton Streets



### Wedding Cakes

from WEBB'S are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada; safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

**The Harry Webb Co.**  
Limited  
447 Yonge St., Toronto

**LOOK**  
SHUR-ON  
A great combination in  
**EYE-GLASSES**  
BEAUTY AND STYLE  
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which we are always pleased to  
demonstrate.  
**CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO.**  
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### A Genuine Bargain Chance In Beautiful HAIR NEEDS

OUR patronage has grown so rapidly of late that we are compelled to make extensive alterations to meet the best interests of our clientele. Where there are alterations there is more or less dust and dirt, so we are going to hold a very special sale of all our rare and beautiful hair goods and our worthy toilet needs.

#### NOT IN TEN YEARS

has this store held a sale before, so you are assured this one is an honest sale, and not the every day kind indulged in by many concerns. We want to clear as much of our stock as possible before the workmen begin, and therefore you are afforded a chance to secure the most modish and artistic hair pieces, ornaments, combs, etc. to be found in Canada, and at altogether unusual prices.

An early selection will be advisable.

Remember the Place

**The Pember Store**  
127-129 Yonge Street  
NEXT THE ARCADE

#### THE NAME

**COSGRAVE**

SIGNIFIES

SUPERB ALE

INVIGORATING PORTER

DELICIOUS

HALF-AND-HALF

**Cosgrave Brewery Co.**  
NIAGARA ST. TORONTO  
And of all License Holders  
Telephone—Park 140.

of the cost of operating an extra steamer. The net earning were \$100,325, a decrease of \$23,398 as compared with 1906. Mr. Osler stated that although the directors consider that the vessels and property are already upon the company's books at a conservative valuation, they have decided to write off an additional \$25,000 from the profits of the year. After the payments of 8 per cent. in dividends to shareholders, providing for interest on debentures, writing off vessel property, etc., the balance at credit of profit and loss account stands at \$129,692, as against \$123,953 a year ago. The paid-up capital stock of the Niagara Navigation Co. is \$701,700, and debentures outstanding amount to \$125,000, the latter bearing 4½ per cent. The steamers are valued at \$884,725, and wharves and real estate \$50,000. Cash on hand and in bank \$54,084. The market price of the stock is about 106. Last year it was up to 126 and down to 105, while in 1906 the range was from 133 to 117. Net profits for 1907 were 13.50 per cent., against 16.48 in 1906, and 14.93 in 1905. The Northern Navigation Co. had a very good year, with an increased business, and as previously stated, the

dividend was increased from 6 per cent., with a bonus of 1½, to 8 per cent. The stock is quoted a little above 90. It sold at 104 to 79½ in 1907, and at 110 to 81 in 1906.

An excellent annual report is expected by the shareholders of Toronto Railway Co. next month. The gross earnings are in the neighborhood of \$3,400,000 for the twelve months ended Dec. 31 last, an increase of over \$335,000 on those of the previous year. The increase in 1906 as compared with the previous year was \$342,000, and the increase in 1905 as compared with 1904 was \$301,000. It is not expected that the net earnings in 1907 will show up much better than in 1906, when they were 10.63 per cent. on capital. The increased cost of operating and the larger percentage paid to the city on gross receipts will offset in a measure the gross takings of the company. The stock has been quite strong of late, and has reached 100, the first time in months. It was as low as 83 the latter part of last year, and as high as 115 earlier in the year. In 1906 it sold at 126 down to 104.

**M**RS. FRED. HARRISON, formerly Vora Lange, of Muskegon, who, with her husband, spent a fortnight here on their wedding tour, received on Wednesday of last week with her mother-in-law, Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison (Seranus), at the Harrison residence in Dunbar road. The bride, who is a very pretty and bright brunette, wore her wedding dress of silk *point d'esprit* over taffeta, with satin ribbons and pearls as trimmings. Miss Harrison, who was one of her bridesmaids, wore her bridesmaid's gown of pale green, veiled in white, and served tea and bride cake. Mrs. Fred Harrison was a popular girl here last season, and her Toronto friends made haste to welcome her as a winsome bride. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harrison have gone to Muskegon for a visit to the bride's family before leaving for their home in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis, 246 St. George street, and her son and daughter leave next month for an extended tour abroad.

Mrs. Tom Wood, assisted by Miss Rafael, her sister, is receiving on Mondays in January and February, excepting the last Monday. The Wood homestead in Bloor street east has been done over most artistically, and Mrs. Wood has heaps of callers.

Miss Helen Macdonald and Mrs. Charles Macdonald, of Cona Lodge, gave a pleasant tea last week for their guest, Miss McCall, of Stratford. Another friend was to have also been with them for this tea, but was not able to get to Toronto in time. The hostesses received in the drawing-room, the guest of honor being with them, and Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald assisted in the tea room with several other friends and relatives of the hostesses. The little son of Mrs. Charles Macdonald, who made his debut as an extra attraction at his mama's tea last season, was a picture of sturdy and handsome boyhood, in all the glory of first "panties" and new shoes, as he naively announced. There was a very pretty tablecloth crowned with pink roses and green in many tall vases, and generously set with dainties of all sorts, in the diningroom, and a few of the guests enjoying them were: Mrs. Wyld, of Dunedin; Mrs. Mason, of Ermeleigh; Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, the Misses Aikins, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. and Miss Gyp Armstrong, Miss Sophy Michie, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mrs. and Miss Loudon, Mrs. George Dickson, Miss Macdonald, the Misses Matthews, Mrs. W. Davidson, Miss Davidson, Mrs. Alex. Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Mabee, Mrs. D. Symonds, Mrs. and Miss Sylvester, Miss Graham, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Whitney, Mrs. and Miss Henderson.

It is proposed to repeat the Dickens Fellowship's success with the "Cricket on the Hearth," at Conservatory Music Hall, on February 22 and 24. The Fellowship players have entered for the Governor-General's competition. Colonel Septimus Denison is also getting up a play with the Garrison Dramatic Club for the competition.

The first and second of the series of lectures in French by M. Paul Bailbaud, was given on Wednesday, January 8, and last Wednesday afternoon before a cultured and very interested audience. Marie Antoinette's life, up to her widowhood and motherhood, was the subject of the first lecture, the second dealing with the latter days of the ill-fated queen. The lectures are given in Varsity Biology Building, and the great attraction to those who are already thoroughly informed on the life of Marie Antoinette, is the musical and delightful accent of the clever young French professor who lectured to them.

Miss Florence Bell has been enjoying a visit from her fiancé, who came over from England for the holidays, and left on his return home last Friday. In September he will come out again, and will take a charming bride back with him.

The engagement of Miss Beatrice Spragge, second daughter of Dr. E. W. Spragge, and Mr. H. V. Ardagh, son of Judge Ardagh, of Barrie, is announced.

Mrs. and Miss Marguerite Fleury are settled in a cosy flat in Sussex Court Annex, where they are at home on Tuesdays. Mr. and Mrs. W. Fleury, who have given their pretty niece so auspicious an *entree*, are going south for some time.

Mrs. Robert J. Christie received for the last time before leaving town last Monday, and many friends called to wish her *bon voyage*. Mr. and Mrs. Christie and their little son and daughter will sail for Genoa next week and will enjoy some motoring in Italy, visiting Naples, Florence and Rome and returning to London in June. They are not to return to Toronto before the autumn. On Monday Mrs. Will Lee poured tea for the visitors.

Mrs. Joe Beatty gave a very pleasant bridge on Monday afternoon at her home in Huron street.

Among the dozens of new houses which are situated in what was Sir David Macpherson's orchard, but is now Chestnut Park road, the one recently completed for Mr. Wilbur C. Matthews is *facile princeps*. Crowds of friends called on Tuesday to wish Mrs. Matthews and her family a long and happy occupancy of their beautiful home. Miss

Helen Matthews also was given many good wishes on her projected residence in Baltimore, where she will take a course of instruction in Johns Hopkins Hospital.

The marriage of Mrs. Charles Turner, of Ottawa, and Mr. Percy Hubert Jory was quietly celebrated on Thursday, January 9, Rev. Dr. McTavish officiating. Mr. McDougall, nephew of the bride, Ottawa, gave her away. Mr. and Mrs. Jory sailed last Saturday from New York for Jacksonville, Florida, and will spend their honeymoon in the south.

Mr. John Law has returned in fine health from a sojourn of two months in Virginia. He has resigned his appointment in Africa and will probably remain in Canada. The climate of that part of Africa where Mr. Law was stationed was in a fair way to destroy his constitution, and he decided not to return there, although pressed by the department to do so.

The new St. Margaret's in Bloor street east, built on the former Kilgour place, was *en fete* yesterday, both afternoon and evening, for the opening exercises. I hope to give a full account of the event next week.

Mrs. Samuel Beard, who came from Montreal to reside in Toronto last fall and took Mrs. Edwards' furnished house, 65 Prince Arthur avenue, for the winter, has purchased Mr. Lewis Luke's house, 502 Huron street, and after some alterations and improvements will remove there with her family. Mrs. Beard and her sons and daughters were very popular in Montreal, and those who have had the pleasure of meeting them here find them the same.

Mrs. J. G. Beard, of Troy, N. Y., who has been visiting friends and relatives in town, returned to Troy last week.

Trinity College Conversat will be held on Thursday evening, Jan. 23, at 8 o'clock. The patronesses of the event are Mrs. Sweatman, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Osler, of Craigleigh; Mrs. J. P. Whitney, Mrs. W. R. Brock, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Nicholls, of The Homewood; Mrs. C. Fleming, Miss Cartwright and Miss Playter.

The Royal College of Dental Surgeons are giving an "At Home" on January 23, in the Temple Building, at half-past eight o'clock.

Mrs. Fred Gooch got up a very nice *matinee musicale* for The Strollers last Saturday. Mr. Joliffe sang a number of beautiful songs in a refined and artistic way, Miss Jackes recited very well and Miss Winnie Eastwood, who took Miss Kemp's place, very kindly sang sweetly. She is a pupil of Miss Sheppard. Mrs. Gooch herself sang twice, and Miss Louise Watts, of Rosedale, played nicely on the violin. Mr. Arthur Blakeley accompanied several of the singers. Among those present were: Mrs. Blakeley, Mrs. Boomer, Miss Heward, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Victor Heron, Mr. Goulding, Mrs. Sampson (Hilda Davis), Mrs. Corson, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Lamport.

Mrs. Melvin Jones gave a *matinee bridge* on Thursday to a large party of smart women, in honor of guests in town visiting Mrs. Bristol and Mrs. Drynan. On Friday evening another bridge party gathered a coterie of friends at Llawhaden. Although not the rage it was two or three years ago bridge still has ardent devotees.

Dr. and Mrs. Fraser, of Stratford, were in town on Tuesday, and Mrs. Fraser left on the evening train to visit her daughter in Vancouver.

The Misses Drynan gave a pleasant little tea on Tuesday for Miss Elsie Thorold, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Mabee, in Scarth road.

Miss Cartwright, of Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. Tyrrell in Rosedale. I hear she is to make a long stay.

Mrs. Whitney gave a bridge on Thursday. Mrs. J. J. Dixon gave one on Wednesday.

Mrs. and Miss Hazel Kemp, of Castle Frank, are in Montreal. Miss Ina Matthews and her Irish guest, Miss Kenny, of Dublin, are also enjoying the winter sports in the Royal City, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross.

Mrs. Charles Herriman, of New York, is staying with her mother, Mrs. Strange, who has been quite ill. Mrs. Herriman is looking very well and handsome.

The engagement of Miss Louise Davies, second daughter of Mr. Robert Davies, of Chester Park, Todmorden, and Mr. James Gooderham Worts, is announced.

Dr. R. J. Reade was in Buffalo on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, as a guest of the Eighth District Association and Buffalo Dental Association at their annual banquet.

The News, of St. Johns and Montreal, remarks: Toronto supplies thirteen out of the fifteen divorce suits before Parliament this session. Well, Ontario is the backbone of Confederation, and Toronto ought to get some privileges for being the cervical vertebrae.

## COMPOUND INTEREST

The earning power of compound interest is not as generally understood and appreciated as it should be. It may be illustrated by the following news item which recently appeared in the press:

### A FIVE-DOLLAR BILL AT INTEREST.

(From the Philadelphia Star)

Mr. L. C. St. John of this city has a curiosity in his possession in a five-dollar bill which is 125 years old. He has just gained possession of it, although it was left to him by his mother, who died some twelve years ago. The bill was given her when a child by a relative. It was issued under the Act of July 2, 1770, by the state of Rhode Island, drawing five per cent. interest per annum, and signed by John Arnold. Figuring compound interest, it is now worth \$2,560.

We pay interest at Three and One-half Per Cent. Per Annum. Compounded Four Times Each Year.

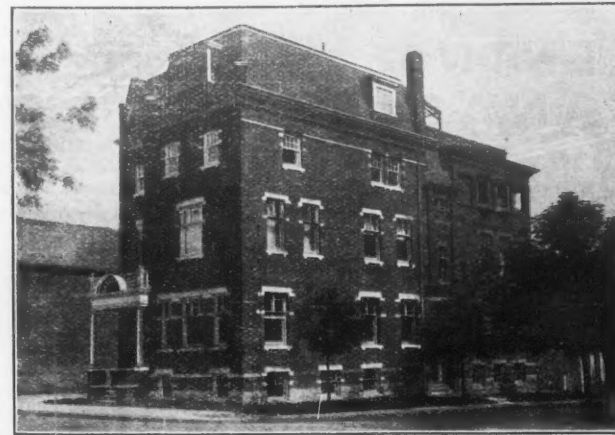
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## A Trip Around the World

SOME OF ITS INCIDENTS

By Capt. H. S. Scott-Harden

### The Countess de Ponti.

THE German East African liner was on the point of leaving Delagoa Bay (East Africa). A group of passengers stood about the deck. I looked round as one does before commencing a voyage to take a hurried glance at the people who were to be one's shipmates along the coast.

There was to be a delay apparently in the departure of the boat, and news spread rapidly that some important personage was expected on board.

The captain standing on the bridge countermanded his orders, forgetting "under way," and amidst considerable amount of excitement a Portuguese official climbed on board and held a hurried consultation with the chief officer. Overcome with curiosity, the passengers gathered round the company's agent to ascertain who this person was.

The Countess de Ponti had taken her passage, and was coming on board by special launch. We anxiously awaited the arrival of the launch, which was seen making its way towards our steamer. Sitting on a seat, and almost hidden from view by a large delapidated straw hat decorated with a few cock's feathers and faded flowers, the mysterious titled lady was in a state of collapse. Her luggage consisted of a large brown paper parcel and a cardboard bonnet box, which on being hauled on board, together with the lady, were unceremoniously bundled down to the second class cabin, and nothing more was seen or heard of the countess (one of many who travel) until the ship arrived at Dar-es-Salaam, when she left the ship and took refuge with the missionaries with her band-box and paper parcel.

### The Mysterious Stranger in the Himalayas.

BENEATH lay the broad Indus river, winding for miles from Baltistan away into Chilas. Above great mountains arose with their snow-capped peaks, their lower slopes almost hidden with a thin haze, so that the snowy heights seemed separated from the earth. The barrenness of the surroundings beneath was amazing. I was waiting with my shikari (Indian hunter) for the opportune moment to get a shot at a mountain sheep, when suddenly, as if by magic, a weird-looking man appeared. Regardless of the cold wind, for he was only partly wrapped in a ragged sheepskin coat, he passed on his journey over the rocky path which led up the mountain pass to the Tungi. His long hair blew about his neck, and his dark face was smeared with gray mud.

Looking neither to the right nor the left, with eyes fixed on the ground, he hurried on like a man proceeding on some important mission. He was evidently a fanatic; but I could never find out from whence he came—this mysterious person passing over the roof of the world in the Himalayas.

### The White Whale in the Straits of Pelorus.

IT was midsummer in New Zealand, and the steamer from Wellington was crossing the Straits of Pelorus in order to reach the harbor of the little town of Nelson. Most of the passengers were resident in the country and knew the coast well, and had many times crossed the sea which divides the north island from the south. They had also seen Pelorus Jack—the white fish—the freak of nature, who lives in the harbor named after England's greatest admiral. I stood on the bridge scanning the sea with my glasses to catch sight of the weird specimen, and



THE ONLY FISH IN THE WORLD PROTECTED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

was dubious about the story I had heard, which I thought was a sailor's yarn. Sure enough, when we got to a certain place the white whale appeared, as is his custom when every ship enters the bay. Swimming alongside the boat, rubbing himself against the sides just at the water line, he guided the steamer into the harbor, and then, apparently satisfied that his mission was completed, he disappeared.

Pelorus Jack is known by every seafaring man along the coast, and never fails to do his duty. And so sacred is he held by the people of New Zealand that the Government a few years ago passed an act of Parliament to prevent his capture or destruction. Few people believe this story until they have actually seen Pelorus Jack.

It is said that on one occasion when a foreign man-of-war was making a tour of the world and steamed into the port that the faithful friend of the British mariner who sails in these waters was not on duty to act as pilot to the stranger.

### A Yachting Story.

AND now we leave the wide ocean for the more peaceful waters of the Solent, between East Cowes Castle and the Nab lightship.

The yacht squadron was en fête. The Hohenzollern, with Emperor Bill on board, lay moored near the Giralda, where King Alfonso was entertaining his uncle at lunch; and his youthful queen once more gazed on the land of her childhood. The five minute gun from the castle caused all eyes from the island shores to watch the 40 footers jockeying each other ere they crossed the imaginary line—for the race for the King's cup.

Steaming slowly a great yacht appeared like a homeward bound troopship from the East, with her yellow funnel and white hull shining in the sun. At the masthead was a blue burgee fluttering in the breeze, and she carried the red ensign at her stem. The members of the squadron turned their glasses on the stranger; but no one could read her colors. The owner was a wealthy merchant who had failed to gain entrance to the sacred portals of the most exclusive club in the world. So he had built his own floating palace. As she dropped anchor the gold letters M. O. B. Y. C. stood out for a second. The yachting calendar was searched. There was no such club in the list—and she puzzled the oldest yachtsmen more than a little. A messenger was sent out to enquire; and as the cutter with the white ensign and the

## Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

II.

THE other day I nearly got a job. "Good pay an' easy work" the paper said. I started for the address on the dead— But what's the use?—You should have seen the mob. I tried to pass one husky-lookin' slob, An' ever since I've had to stay in bed An' wear this rotten bandage on my head, Feelin' exactly like a strangled squab. It seems that Hope an' me has got to part; My bunch of luck has surely gone astray; For me, Life's been a sort of early frost. I must have picked a lemon at the start; You couldn't move my hoodoo with a dray— It looks like Fate has got her fingers cros't!

cross of St. George came alongside the steamer. The owner stood at the gangway and smiled.

"You would not allow me to become a member of your club—but come on board 'The Empire' and have a drink and I will show you over My Own Blooming Yacht Club, A.I. at Lloyd's," which was an hospital for sick officers during the South African war, and always ready to serve her King and her country in time of trouble.

### The King and Other Royalties.

T. P. O'CONNOR, in referring to the degeneracy of many European Royalties, and the growth of Republican sentiment, says:

A very curious process is going on in Europe at the present moment. What makes it the more curious is that it is in quite a different direction from what is taking place in England. Nobody who is at all a close observer of the times can fail to have noticed the extraordinary addition to the prestige and power of the Throne which has come to this country since Edward VII. ascended the Throne. I remember the time—it is now about twenty-five or thirty years ago—when there was a distinct Republican sentiment in England, and especially in London. It was strong enough to be openly proclaimed. Even in the House of Commons there was a debate upon the cost of Royalty—a debate of very noisy character, in which the speakers who attempted to urge this question were howled down; but, all the same, up and down the country there were plenty of Republicans, and some newspapers openly advocated Republican institutions. There is no such sentiment in the England of to-day, and no doubt this change is largely due to the manner in which the present King has done his work as monarch. The number of good understandings with other nations which he has contributed to bring about, the manner in which he has managed to get rid of tension of feeling between this nation and others—all these services to the cause of international peace have given not only him, but his dynasty, a new hold and confidence of the nation. If you go to one or two other countries, you find something of the same kind, but the countries are few. Perhaps I could only mention one in which there is not a strong Republican and anti-dynastic party, and that country is Austria. There the feeling towards the Emperor of all the vastly different nationalities and creeds into which that country is broken up approaches worship; and, indeed, Francis Joseph is perhaps the one great, strong bond which keeps all these races together. In other countries there is, as I have said, a strong anti-dynastic party, and literature, as is usual, gives us due warning of how much that feeling is on the increase. . . . On the whole, it looks very much as if the countries of the Continent were not disposed much longer to accept the doctrine of the divine right of Kings.

Optimistic Macaulay ventured to suggest, in 1848, that, in the twentieth century, a carpenter might receive ten shillings a day. He thought (so we are reminded by The Post, of Philadelphia) that would be incidental to an increase in British prosperity as wonderful as that which had taken place from the reign of Charles II. to the time in which he wrote. At the beginning of the period a shilling a day was thought excellent wages for an English mechanic; weavers got sixpence; wages of agricultural laborers were fixed by justices of the peace, under all the pains and penalties of the law, at four shillings a week, without food; and about a quarter of the population received relief from the poor fund during a year. Carpenters in America have received nearly double ten shillings a day, and there has been a state of prosperity which would have surprised even Macaulay.

Speaker "Joe" Cannon, strolling down Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, recently was met by Representative James S. Sherman of New York, who congratulated the Speaker on President Roosevelt's announcement of a third term, and added: "Now Roosevelt is out of it, nothing can prevent your being nominated for President." "Jim," said the Speaker, as he entwined his arm in that of the sturdy New York member. "I am reminded of old Bill Devine out in my district. Devine was on his way home from a political rally and his skin fairly oozed alcohol. Passing through a field he kicked up a rattlesnake which emitted a warning. Bill drew himself up with dignified solemnity, eyed the reptile with lofty contempt, and said: 'Strike, darn you; you will never find me better prepared.'"

An appeal is being made for funds to restore and maintain the monument to Will Adams at Yokosuka, Japan—that sturdy old Elizabethan mariner who was the first Englishman to gain a footing in the land of the Rising Sun, says the Manchester Guardian. Indeed, he gained a grave there, for having been cast away in 1600 he was kept an honored prisoner until his death twenty years afterwards. He was the close friend and adviser of the greatest of the Shoguns, Iyeyasu. He built his ships, and did much for the trade both of England and of Holland in the Far East, while his letters supply by far the most interesting contemporary account of the state of affairs in Japan at that most interesting period.

Amos Martin, of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, possesses the distinction of having lived in three centuries, three countries, and served in two wars. Born in Scotland in 1789, he came to Canada sixteen years later, and at seventeen moved to Philadelphia. He served against the Mexicans and in the war between the States. He takes long daily walks and is a voracious reader. He is a pensioner.

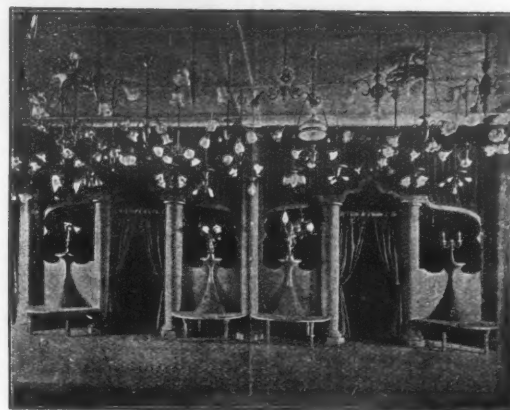
The finest club house in London is to be erected in Pall Mall for the Royal Automobile Club, which has secured from the crown a lease of the old war office.

## Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

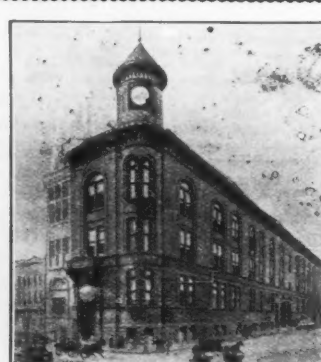


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A succession of luncheons and "shower" teas preceded the marriage, on Tuesday, January 7, of Miss Edith Gwendolyn Roberts, daughter of Mr. Edmond Roberts, and Mr. Henry Harold McVity, of Banff, Alberta, son of Mr. G. H. G. McVity, of Toronto. The ceremony took place at the Catholic Apostolic church, Gould street, at eight o'clock in the evening, the Rev. A. J. W. McMichael officiating. The dainty little bride, who was brought in by her father, wore a gown of ivory net mounted on taffeta, with bertha, panels and inset medallions of rose point and duchesse lace, with Empire girdle and sashes of liberty satin, and the customary tulle veil and orange blossoms, her bright face smiling above a sheaf of lily of the valley and white roses. The bridesmaids were gowned in silk eolienne with yokes, frills and insertions of Maltese lace; the maid of honor, Miss Violet Roberts, sister of the bride, and Miss Naomi Harris, of Clarkson, in blue with palest blue picture hats with white plumes and choux; Miss Katherine Roberts in pink with pink hat; all three bridesmaids wearing in their tulle "brides," the dainty pearl and amethyst brooches given by the groom, and carrying shower bouquets of pink and white carnations tied with pink ribbons. Mr. Austin Fellowes was best man, Mr. T. K. Wade, Mr. Lyall Scott, and Mr. Jim Francis acting as ushers. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Roberts held a reception at their home in Beaty avenue, Parkdale, where a number of intimate friends gathered to say good-bye to the two very popular young people, who are to make their home in the West. Mrs. Roberts received in a handsome gown of mauve crepe de chene touched with deeper velvet, with chimisette of lace, and wore, at the church, a becoming toque of purple velvet and lace. Miss McVity, sister of the groom, looked extremely well in champagne voile with touches of blue; Miss Mollie McVity, in cream satin voile with picture hat. Mr. and Mrs. McVity left on the eleven o'clock train, from Parkdale, for a short visit across the border before starting for Banff, Mrs. McVity wearing a tailored suit of brown with mink stole and muff, and a blouse of Limmerick lace over blue, with hat of blue panne beaver. A jolly contingent of young people accompanied the happy pair to the station, to wish them luck and shower them with confetti.

## Young Canadians Serving the King

LXXXIII.



MAJOR AND LT.-COLONEL HERBERT M. CAMPBELL.

Royal Horse Artillery. Graduate Royal Military College of Canada, 1881.

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

ON Friday, January 10, the Argonaut Rowing Club held their annual ball in the King Edward Hotel, and a great many of the young set, with a number of older friends of the club, put in an appearance. There is no dance of the larger order which shows more change in the personnel of its patrons than this one, for the club is continually drawing from the youth of the city for membership (and the new members bring their girl friends—such pretty radiant creatures some of them are), keeping pace with the growth of the city and its newly fledged voters and debutantes. Among the well-known people at the ball on the tenth were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, the lady in a soft white satin gown, and wearing a Cairo scarf of gold and white about her shoulders; Mr. and Mrs. Shepley, Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, whose gracious patronage the club deeply appreciates, and who wore a heavily brocaded oyster white gown with tints of palest pink and green; Captain and Mrs. Harry Wyatt, the lady in a handsome black gown glistening with jet; Major and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. Chalcraft, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, the lady in white with ciel sash; Mr. and Mrs. Eastmuir, the lady in lavender satin with lace bertha; and Mrs. Peck Morrison, in white gauze and satin. Miss Mortimer Clark brought her cousin, Miss Reed, of London, and Major Fraser Macdonald and Mr. Douglas Young were in attendance. Mr. "Bob" Mackay, father of the club, was the *beau* of the evening, and as Uncle George Sears was at home with *la grippe* had no rival. There were several out-of-town guests, among whom was Miss Macdonald, of Winnipeg (Hugh John's daughter), in pale blue and silver and white lace. Miss Millicent Henderson, in a buttercup satin princess frock, came with Mrs. Sweny; the Misses Norah and Elise Sankey, in pink and cornflower blue, were a handsome pair of sisters; Miss Blanche Miles in white, and Miss Aileen Robertson in orange silk. Miss Pattie Armour in white, the Misses Chalcraft in white and pale blue, Miss Gage in white lace, were some of last fall's debutantes who enjoyed the ball. Miss Elizabeth Blackstock was handsome in a black gown, and her cousin, Miss Gooderham, of Deancroft, wore white, both girls are still leaving the gay tints aside owing to recent family mourning. Miss Hunter Craig, the belle from the Bonnie Clyde, who has been Miss Blackstock's guest all winter, was in a dainty white gown. The Misses Florrie and Pauline Foy wore white lace and pink Liberty satin. Supper was served at eleven o'clock in the banquet hall and corridor, and a very tasty repast it was. The tables were set informally, and people grouped themselves congenially, the patronesses being at the north end of the beautiful room. As for the music, it was never better, and the floor of the King Edward ballroom needs no praise. All the arrangements were under the Argus-eyed Lionel Hoskins, Don Bremner, James Merrick, and such experienced managers, and they were devoted to their guests. The stewards and some favored lady guests wore the club colors in light and dark blue Argonaut ribbons, pinned on with a dainty clasp in the shape of an oar. As a matter of course there was a delightful sufficiency of dancing men, and it was a very jolly ball.

Mr. Don Bremner has been laid up with a touch of grippe. Mr. George Sears is convalescing from the same wretched plague. Mr. Arthur VanKoughnet is also better after its dire ravages.

Miss Hodgins, of Cloynewood, eldest daughter of Mr. Frank Hodgins, K.C., is receiving many good wishes from her friends on the announcement of her engagement to Mr. John H. B. de la Cour, of Edinburgh. Miss Hodgins returned from a long visit in the Old Country last fall, during which she spent some time in Edinburgh with a school friend, Miss de la Cour, and met her *futur*, a brother of her hostess. Mr. de la Cour is connected with coffee-culture in Brazil, and was home on vacation. I hear that the marriage will take place in July, and, like all Miss Hodgins' Toronto friends, regret that she will then leave us to reside in England.

The marriage of Miss Sophia Margaret Hagarty, second daughter of Mr. John H. G. Hagarty, and Rev. Lewis Wilmet Bovell Broughall, rector of Oakville, took place in St. James Cathedral on Tuesday, the officiating clergy being Rev. Canon Welch and Rev. Canon Broughall, father of the groom. The bride wore her travelling dress of pale grey cloth touched with pale blue, and blue hat with marabout plumes, and a handsome set of mink. The bouquet was of lily of the valley. The bridesmaid

was Miss Beatrice Hagarty, cousin of the bride, and Mr. Dudley Hagarty was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Broughall drove from the cathedral to the train and went to the Falls, going later on to New York. The bridal guests, largely relatives and connections, went up to tea at the home of the bride's parents, where Mrs. Hagarty was the most cordial of hostesses. Mr. and Mrs. Broughall take with them the very best wishes of hosts of friends, who trust that this union of members of two old Toronto families, so highly respected, will be as long and as happy as heart could desire.

Mrs. Tylee arrived a few days ago from Montreal to visit her sister, Mrs. James Robertson, in Admiral road. As usual she is swamped with invitations to luncheons, teas and dinners, and has very little time to herself. Yesterday many friends called and enjoyed her bright company and a good cup of tea in Mrs. Robertson's always hospitable home.

Many were the wailings and equally many the false alarms in the smart world, when news of the big fire in St. Joseph street sent people racing down town last Monday. Owing to the scarcity of suitable renting houses, good servants, and also to the popularity of travel which has marked our good times, many valuable lots of furniture were in storage in the damaged buildings, and there were pianos to burn by the score. Some heirlooms and unrep'acable books and articles of *vertu* have gone up in the flames, and their owners are consoled with by all who can realize their loss.

Monsieur Guy de Lestard (Berlitz School) gives an illustrated French lecture next Wednesday evening in Conservatory Hall at half-past eight, which is most highly spoken of by critics in Montreal, where it was delivered a fortnight ago. The subject is *Le tour de France*, and there are four score of the finest views ever seen in Toronto, nearly half being shown for the first time.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Frank Polson (who was recently widowed without a moment's warning) in the death of her only son, a little fellow of two years old. The death occurred in Bermuda, where Mrs. Polson and her little family went directly after Mr. Polson's sudden taking off.

Mrs. Tom Clark and Miss Mary Clark received a gay party of young maidens for tea last Friday at their home in Walmer road. A few married folk were also invited, and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston and Mrs. Leonard McMurray poured tea and coffee, the tea-table being set in the dining-room and centred with a huge silver *jardiniere* of Canadian Queen roses. Mrs. and Miss Clark received in the drawing-room, mother and daughter being beautifully gowned and unaffectedly kind, as they always are. Several girls waited on the guests, and the tea was particularly bright and joyous. Mrs. Christie, who is so soon leaving for a long sojourn abroad, looked very lovely, and was receiving many wishes for a good time.

Mr. Clover, fiance of Miss Florence Bell, returned to England last Saturday, after a very happy visit at the home of Miss Bell. He will return in September and will take a pretty bride back with him. That society for preventing our belles from visiting foreign countries, which some clubmen talked of forming a couple of seasons ago, doesn't seem to have been performing its duties. Several Toronto girls are now under bonds to desert us during the coming summer.

Miss Chamberlain, who has been visiting friends in town, has gone to Ottawa.

A very artistic informal musical was given one evening this week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, 202 Rusholme road, when Mrs. Sampson (formerly Hilda Davis), who is down on a visit from Edmonton, was much welcomed by old friends. Mrs. Lovell, Mrs. Sampson, and Mr. Davis, the clever sisters and brother, furnished part of the programme. Mrs. Sampson, who was formerly a pupil of Herr Klingensfeld, playing a fine violin solo, and her sister and brother singing. Miss Dockray and Mr. R. S. Pigott sang, and Dr. Nicolai played a Mozart selection on the cello. A dainty supper was served at eleven o'clock, and everyone enjoyed the evening. Some of the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, Mr. and Mrs. Dockray, Mr. Armstrong, Mrs. McIntyre, Mr. Archibald Browne, Miss Gyp Armstrong, Mrs. Harriman, of New York, Mr. Merrick, Miss Jardine, Mr. Stuart Greer, and others.

Mrs. Proctor (*nee* Nicholls, of The Homewood) received for the first time since her marriage in her *bijou* home in Roxboro' street east, on Tuesday afternoon, her mother assisting, and everyone vying in admiration of the hostess and her *menage*. The pretty little salon, with its Du Barry brocade hangings and soft rose carpet, made a charming background for the petite brown-eyed lady in her soft white satin bridal robe. Mrs. Nicholls also wore a handsome white gown and looked extremely well. The tea-table was set in the dining-room, and the most tempting ices and dainties were continually appearing as the waiters went to and fro, to some *terra incognita* of plenty beyond the doors. It was quite a beautiful reception, every detail being perfect, and the shower of pasteboards will keep the little bride busy for a while.

Some profane person swears they heard the following amazing announcement at a recent smart tea: "Mrs. Popcorn Murray and Mrs. Gumdrop." This is a mate to Mrs. Hannibal Smith's experience, when to her horror she was proclaimed before her delightful rivals as "Mrs. Haman-eggs Smith." A third vocal contortion, involving the name of a very well-known Toronto man, occurred the other night, but it's so dreadfully funny that I am afraid to put it in print.

The death of Mrs. Pilkington Crooks, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George Dawson, Madison avenue, removes one of the oldest and most prominent representatives of Toronto society of over half a century ago. Clever, graceful, animated and well-read, Mrs. Crooks quitted it in a day when commercialism was not yet a power, and birth, breeding, tradition, talent and *savoir faire* were the things that counted. She has been an invalid, cherished and cared for, for some years, and reached the age of 86 before her splendid vitality gave out. One of the last of the "old school," who has seen her descendants to the fourth generation, her passing is an event arousing memories, associations and regrets unknown to the present generation.

Mr. Walter S. Andrews left on Wednesday evening for a month's sojourn in Sydney, Cape Breton.



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## Our Recent Fire

was prevented from reaching our Retail Department, but caused considerable damage by water to some goods shown in show cases, etc.

As we were just in the midst of our annual Xmas rush, these were laid aside along with other slightly damaged articles.

A General Fire Sale Discount Period is now on and lasts only 15 days. One may purchase high grade Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Bronzes and Cut Glass, etc., at from 20 to 50 Per Cent. off regular prices. An opportunity seldom available.

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One of the most successful society events taking place in Cobourg this winter was the charity euchre and bridge party held at the Columbian Hotel on Tuesday evening, by Mrs. W. J. Crossen, guests to the number of one hundred and fifty attending. Mrs. Crossen, who looked charming in a most beautiful gown of hand painted voile trimmed with lace, received her guests in the main hall. In this she was assisted by Mrs. W. L. Allen, Mrs. F. Field, Mrs. Dr. Ferris, Mrs. J. M. Sutherland, Mrs. A. J. Armstrong and Miss Clara Field. After two hours of progressive euchre and bridge a dainty supper was served by Miss Crossen, Miss Nora MacNachtan, Miss Holland and Miss Guiton, the four being attired in red cross uniform. This was followed by a most enjoyable dance which lasted well into the early hours of the morning. Just before the time for departure a circle of dancers was formed and dancing around Mrs. Crossen she was declared "a jolly good fellow" by all. Following is a partial list of those present: Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Holland, Mr. Lyle and Miss Crossen, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sutherland, Dr. and Miss Field, Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore, Mr. C. B. Craig, Mrs. S. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. F. Field, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Field, Mr. Harold McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hargraft, Mr. W. H. Semple, Mrs. and Miss Pringle, Mr. Morgan and Miss Nellie Hewson, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crossen, Col. and Miss MacNachtan, Dr. and Mrs. Ferris, Capt. and Mrs. Forrest, Col. and Miss Floyd, Dr. and Mrs. Purdy, Mr. T. S. Chatterton, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Allen, Miss Baby, Mr. Percy Dainty, Mr. and Mrs. W. Delaney, Jr.; Miss Black, Miss Jeffrey, Mr. Harman.



## Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

IN the literary gossip emanating from Harper & Brothers a story is told of a woman who met Gertrude Atherton at the recent reception in her honor of the San Francisco Spinners, and tried hard to say something "fit." As the line was passing along, this woman whispered to her companion, "Oh, do tell me the name of the book she wrote—something or other about family descent," but the other said she couldn't recall it, either. Just as they reached the author of "Ancestors," the woman apparently remembered and her face beamed. "Oh, Mrs. Atherton!" she said, as they shook hands, "I can't tell you how I loved your 'Forefathers!'"

"The Dawn at Shanty Bay," the latest story from the pen of Rev. Robert E. Knowles, is perhaps the best piece of literary work that this Canadian writer has done. It is, of course, a Scottish-Canadian story of the type first exploited by Ralph Connor, and later by Mr. Knowles and Marian Keith, but it has a sufficient individuality of its own. It is also without the chief fault of Ralph Connor's most recent work—it does not digress or stray off into sociological by-paths. The strength of such a story—that of the homely life of old-fashioned Scottish country folk—lies in its simplicity, and "The Dawn at Shanty Bay" is quite simple. It chiefly concerns Ronald Robertson, a sturdy, stubborn, fine old Scot and Kirk-man, and Ephraim Raynor, his neighbor, a Yankee by birth, full of levity and good-heartedness. Ronald has experienced an estrangement with his only son, who has left home, much to the grief of the boy's mother and to the great secret sorrow of Ronald himself. Through a child—a little girl whom Ronald befriends—there is a Christmas re-union. The break-down of the stern disciplinarian's purpose and the home-coming of the son are effectively told. The story is pretty and wholesome, and it teaches gentleness, and breadth of thought, and what one feels to be true religion.

It is expected that in the near future Canadian readers will have the pleasure of welcoming new volumes by the two most prominent of the younger English poets, Stephen Phillips and Alfred Noyes. Mr. Phillips promises "Faust: A Drama," and Mr. Noyes a miscellaneous volume, containing some of his work that has not as yet appeared in print.

The first issue of "Tropical America," a new magazine published in New York, has made its appearance. It is devoted to subjects pertaining to the West Indies, Mexico and Central and South America. The editor is Mr. G. M. L. Brown, a Canadian who is well known in this country as a journalist. The new publication is very attractive in appearance, and its contents are of considerable interest.

A rare Caxton has recently been auctioned in London—the copy of the first edition of John Gower's "Confessio Amantis," 1433, owned by Shrewsbury School. It is an almost perfect copy and has long been treasured in that famous institution. It is in this edition that the poet described his meeting with King Richard II.

In Themse, when it was flowend.  
As I by bote came rowend,  
and very amiable was the King, asking Gower into his barge and bidding him write a book for him to read. In after editions the text was changed to suit Henry of Lancaster.

Bernard Shaw remarked recently: "Milton took £5 (\$25) for 'Paradise Lost' because he could not get any more. I should ask £5,000 for the same quality of pen and ink work because I need not take any less. The employer-to-day is emphatically a man who, like Milton and myself, has to take what he can get."

"It is related of Dr. Johnson," says T. P. O'Connor, the famous English journalist and reviewer, "that when he received a new book the first thing he did was to send it to the nearest bookbinder to get the leaves cut. I have heard people say that they rather resented this kind of thing on the part of Johnson, and that it showed that he was not a true lover of books. I confess I am entirely of Dr. Johnson's way of thinking, and the friendly word I want to put to the publisher-to-day produce a book with uncut leaves? When I started journalistic life very few newspapers were cut, you had to cut the leaves yourselves. I believe there is an idea

that cutting the leaves of books with an elegant paper knife is one of the favorite occupations of ladies and gentlemen of leisure.

"Ladies and gentlemen of leisure are not usually the chief readers of books, but those who lead strenuous lives are usually most interested in literature. But I put it to the publishers whether, in an age like this, when every moment of one's time has to be economized, anyone should be subject to the trouble and loss of time of cutting a book when no newspaper is published which has not its leaves cut."

At one time Kipling used to conduct all his business by means of cheques, paying even the smallest of bills in this way, and of this little fact an amusing story is told. After a while, relates M. A. P., the author found to his amazement that his banking account showed a much bigger balance than the counterfoils of his cheque-book warranted. For long he was at a loss to account for this strange fact, until one day, happening to visit a certain office where the principal was an enthusiastic autograph collector, he saw one of his cheques framed and hanging on the wall. It appeared that the local shopkeepers found that they could often get more for Kipling's cheques from autograph hunters who desired to keep them in their collections, than they could by cashing them in the usual way—which solved the riddle of the author's bank account.

Thackeray's favorite poets were Goldsmith and the "sweet lyric singers." Prior, whom he thought the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poets; and Gay, the force of whose simple melody and artless ringing laughter he appreciated. He admired Pope, too; but while admitting Milton's greatness, thought him "such a bore that no one could read him." It is not surprising, therefore, that Thackeray never essayed the "big how-wow kind" of poetry.

F. Marion Crawford has written for the January Century the true story of Beatrice Cenci, which he calls "a great love-drama, less noble, but even more human, and surely far more awful than the 'Bride of Lammermoor,'" basing the corrected version in part on recently acquired letters and documents which prove that the facts, as far as they can be really known, "are broader, less sentimental, more natural, and more dramatic than the legends that have grown upon them and fed on them, almost smothering them out of sight."

Queen Alexandra is a great lover of books and has given numbers of them as presents. She is particularly fond of presenting Lord Tennyson's poems. She knew the great poet personally and regarded him with much affection. When her majesty gives a book for a present it is almost always beautifully bound specially to her order. Bookbinding is a branch of art which traditionally is patronized by royal personages. The unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, and her equally hapless grandson, Charles I, owned some of the most beautiful bindings extant, while Queen Elizabeth and the Georges also patronized the highest skill of their respective periods in this direction.

Full of charming enthusiasm, an admirer of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" recently wrote to Mrs. Burnett a letter full of compliments, which ended with this interesting announcement: "I am now engaged in writing a sequel of your charming work."

Spenser's own copy of "The Faerie Queene" has been discovered and was submitted to a gathering of literary men in London a few days ago. On the title page are written, in Greek characters, the words, "Pros auton," words which Professor Gollancz regards as having the meaning of "from the author to himself."

Dodd, Mead & Co. will bring out next month "A Guide to the West Indies," by Frederick A. Ober, who has passed many years among the islands about which he has written nearly forty books. In his new book he includes every island of the West Indies, describing the attractions, climate, resources, hotels, etc., of each, including the routes thither from the Atlantic ports of the United States, Canada, England and Europe.

The Countess of Warwick is working hard on the preparation of her memoirs, which are expected to prove of a highly interesting character. The book will not deal in any way with political movements, but only with her experiences in the world of fashion and with reminiscences of many leading personages.

Barrie's "Little Minister," has paid him at the rate of \$1 for each of its

120,000 words. Among poets much larger rates have prevailed. Tennyson's "The Thistle" cost its publisher \$10 a word and Kipling got \$1,000 for a short poem on the Russo-Japanese war. Grover Cleveland and the late John Hay frequently got \$1,000 for 1,000-word articles.

Chicago has a new and distinctive bookstore for discriminating buyers. It is fitted up in ideal style in rooms on the seventh floor of the Fine Arts building, and its management is in the hands of a circle of book lovers headed by Francis H. Browne, editor of The Dial.

Miss Lucine Finch, the writer of verse, illustrated in a novel manner her book, "Two in Arcadia," recently brought out by Brentano's. She could not draw nor paint, but made her illustrations by cutting out pieces of colored paper and pasting them together to get the effects desired.

Madame Sarah Grand, the well known novelist, who recently expressed the opinion that, given equal opportunity and cultivation, women would be equal in intelligence to men, was born in Ireland of English parents, and some of her ancestors were Quakers. When quite a little child she used to write stories, and all through her girlhood was ambitious to become an author. For a long time she was not very successful; even her famous "Heavenly Twins" was sent to nearly every publisher of note before it was accepted, but when at last it did appear, her fame was instantaneous. Madame Grand is one of the best-read women of the day and has confessed her favorite authors to be Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

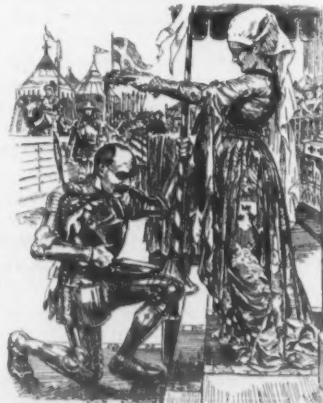
An interesting statement by Thackeray was once made to the late Professor Masson: "Dye know," he said, 'that though I can describe an Irishman perfectly, I never could describe a Scotchman!' I reminded him of Mr. Binnie. 'Oh,' he said, 'that's not what I mean; that's a mere facsimile of a man I know; a mere description from life. But what I mean is I couldn't invent a Scotchman.'

The forthcoming work of Mr. George Bernard Shaw is an essay on religion, an amplification of a series of lectures recently given by him. These lectures aroused much controversy—and advertising.

It is remembered that at the sale in London last year of items from an American's library a fine copy of the first edition of "The Compleat Angler," brought the sum of \$6,450. Not long ago an imperfect copy was sold for something over \$1,000; and the other day one still more imperfect brought \$500.

The prices of first or early editions are matters of record which always have a fascination for the booklover. Here are some of those recently noted: First comes the "Vicar of Wakefield," of 1766, held at \$600—twice as much as Goldsmith got for writing the book. The Ben Jonson of 1616 cannot be purchased for less than \$1,500. The first edition of Keats is, like that of the immortal "Vicar," held at \$600; and Chapman's "Homer" of 1598 at \$1,025. One may buy the first edition of Shelley's play, "The Cenci," for \$480; and the 1851 edition of Mr. George Meredith's poems for \$180.

Manuscripts of celebrities bring high prices in these days. Shelley's "Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote" is priced at \$2,625; Browning's manuscript note on his "Pauline" at \$1,375. We are not told how much is asked for an autograph note by Lady Hamilton found in an odd volume of Moliere which she had given to a Miss Knight. This note informs the reader that Miss Knight is "dirty, ill-bred, ungrateful, bad manard, false and deceiving. But my heart takes a nobler vengeance. I forgive her."



"A VERRAY PARFET NOBEL KNIGHT."

[The Swedish trustees of the Nobel bequest have this year awarded the International prize for Literature to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.]

—Punch.

## The Khan's Philosophy

Some Recent Reflections of This Breezy and Popular Writer.

IT is a fact that few writers in Canada have more readers—interested readers—than "The Khan." Some of his latest reflections follow, taken from the Toronto Star and the Hamilton Herald:

I heard an old Scotchman complaining the other day that he was "driven from home," evicted, turned out, sixty years ago, by the titled noble who owned his shieling, and he had to come out to Canada.

Best thing ever happened him. To-day he owns the best two hundred acre farm in his country. One of his sons is mentioned as the coming moderator of the General Assembly. Another has been offered a judgeship, and refused because he can make more money and gain greater fame practising law. Another is a member of Parliament, and another of his sons threshed twenty thousand bushels of grain last fall in our Northwest.

If old Sandy hadn't been driven from home he would to-day have been shepherding the laird's sheep on a bleak mountain side, and his dinner would have been a bit of oatcake, wrapped in the folds of his plaid. His boys would have been full privates in the British army in India or Hong Kong, or they would be machinists in Glesca or fishermen off Skye, and when they were at home they would dwell in a shed where none of them to-day would house his horses.

I know an old Irishman who is forever complaining about how his poor old father and mother were evicted and their "little old mud cabin on the hill above" pulled down about their ears.

Best thing ever happened them! To-day this ill-treated family is worth a million any time. My friend's eldest son is in the Senate, another is a railway magnate, another keeps the biggest liquor store west of Toronto, while another boy is running the whole universe, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, through the medium of one of our big dailies.

If Ould Pether was home in the Ould Sod th' day, he would be sitting before a turf fire skinnin' a pratie wid his t'umb nail, and he would dip it in a lick of salt and wash it down wid a noggin' uv buttermilk. Hurroo for Oireland!

Now that the elections are over one of the most glorious and at the same time one of the saddest sights is the old war huss. Hanging on the walls of the Wigwam in an old woodcut. It represents an ancient thoroughbred hunter, unfit any longer for the chase, who has been discarded and is now engaged in the degrading task of drawing a market cart loaded with ducks and chickens, butter and eggs, clattered cream and other luxuries. The outfit is commanded by a formidable old woman in a terrible bonnet. And as he goes plugging along with his pathetic old head down, suddenly he hears the winding of the horn, the hounds burst into view in full cry! He sees the red jackets flashing past, the ladies' veils streaming in the wind, while the wild "Yoicks!—yoicks!—yoicks!" of the huntsman stirs his old blood. The old hunter kicks himself loose from the cart, scattering the ducks and chickens, etc., and the old woman, in all directions, and leaping the hedge is away with the hunt! Poor old fool! He isn't as young as he used to be. They will find him on his back in a ditch somewhere, or stuck in a hedge or mired in a plowed field, and they will jeer at him and his old heart will break. And that old woman will lambaste him with a waggon stake when she gets him home.

Every now and then some old municipal or political war huss, who has been relegated to drawing a milk waggon or pulling a road scraper, scents the hunt and makes a run. Foolish old chap! He would have been better off if he had stayed at home. It is pitiful to be jeered where once you were cheered; to be battered where once you were flattered.

The pitcher can go once too often to the well.

I have been trying to quarrel with Billy Splupin for ten years, and it's no go! It takes two to make a quarrel, and Billy won't quarrel. I say things to Billy that if I said them to Patsy would result in an elegant mix-up. But no! Billy smiles superior. And it's Billy's smile that makes me crying mad. He has got a soft, tender voice like Ursula, and a twinkle in his eye, and when I want to quarrel with

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him the twinkle and the smile are in evidence, and he hangs out a token—"This is My Busy Day."

Billy's wife is just like me. She can't stand it. Billy will be the death of that woman yet. He will have her blood on his hands. Now, you just watch out.

Once in a while she gets into a tantrum. That is a woman's privilege—her prerogative.

Billy's wife wants to enjoy the horrible fun of a big quarrel.

But Billy won't fight. If he would only—oh! if he would only tell her that she wasn't what she ought to be, what a comfort it would be to Mrs. Splupin!

But he just leans back against the wall and grins amiably.

Instead of calling her out of her name, he tells her that she is the duckiest little old duck that ever floated on the pond. And then she breaks a blood-vessel or something and goes to bed.

He is real mean. I think the meanest man in the world is the man who won't insult his sweetheart or his wife when she is looking for it—praying for it—hoping for it—when as a matter of fact it will do her good, it will improve her health.

The days are short, but a whole lot of you don't wake up till daylight. You little know that Hamilton is a beautiful place in the dark time just before the dawn.

The farmer coming in to the market beholds a beautiful sight. Whether from the escarpment at Ancaster or from the hills of Flamboro, or even from the high level bridge, it is a beautiful sight. It looks as if a fairy had spilled a basketful of diamonds and they had streamed down as far as the bay. Seen at night, Hamilton looks like a superb bracelet or an immense brooch. Seen ten miles away, you can pick out the jewels. There be rubies, the red lights; and there be green lights, and there be yellow lights, and cat's-eyes and the white lights—strewn for miles each way, sprinkled everywhere.

It is worth your while any of these mornings to take your stand on a hill top and look down on Hamilton.

But don't come in at the cold, raw dawn when the lights glow dim, or the sentiment will be taken out of you. As you approach the fairy city it seems to shudder back into the mist. Distant fields are ever green.

The lights are fading, the raw and foggy dawn hath come!

And a hurrying, silent throng is going to work.

We don't go cheerily to work—not at daybreak. We have little to say, Men and women, it matters not, hurry to their work. They don't laugh—why should they laugh? They don't talk—why should they talk? If they do, it is in impatient nasals or short, unmusical gutturals.

Oh, the city is beautiful just before the dawn, and it is ugly at dawn! I who come from Beverly envy they who come over the mountain top of a market morning.

I think I would have been a real poet if I had been born over the mountain. I might have written something worth while about how Hamilton looked just before daylight on a Saturday morning for instance. "Let us make the city beautiful!"

Aunt Lucy leaned over my shoulder—she has that privilege—and she

put her soft, dear hand over mine and guided my pen whether I liked it or not:

"Let us make ourselves beautiful first."

"What do you mean, Aunt Lucy?"

"I mean that we will never have a beautiful city till it is filled with beautiful people. Then we will have beautiful things, beautiful parks, beautiful men. The trouble is that that adjective is only applied nowadays to women. Why not a beautiful man just as well as a beautiful shrub or a beautiful cast-iron deer? The city is packed full of beautiful women—you see them any minute on the street; they are everywhere. Why, the pretty little thing who checks your grip is beautiful. They are going to waste and running over. What we want is a city full of beautiful men—not dukes, but beautiful, manly men, men who may be as homely as a snake fence but still beautiful. We have the beautiful women; now we want the beautiful men."

## Borrowed Plumes.

WHEN Stephen Phillips strikes his gait

With Milton's mantle on,  
One cannot differentiate  
Twixt him and deathless John,  
Le Gallienne is prepared to show  
How closely they agree.  
But Milton's in his grave, and oh  
The difference to me!

When Carman Bliss attunes his lyre  
And spawns a Wordsworth ode,  
He streams as much poetic fire  
As e'er from Wordsworth flowed,  
They are—Le Gallienne sayeth so—  
Alike as pea and pea;

But Wordsworth's in his grave, and oh  
The difference to me!

When Edwin Markham plans a pome  
In Marlowe's "mighty line,"  
The thoughts that seethe within his dome

As Kit's are just as fine,  
Convincingly his numbers flow;  
It's twinedledum and dee,  
But Marlowe's in his grave, and oh  
The difference to me!

And when Le Gallienne throws a fit  
In Oriental style,

No doubt he fancies he is It,  
Though you and I may smile,  
He's half as good as Haf, I know,  
But if I chanced to be  
A Persian, I should murmur, "Oh  
The difference to me!"


When parody from Carolyn Wells,  
When Kendrick Bangs his drum,  
When Irwin jingles Gilbert's bells,  
They think they're going some.

A friend remarked, not long ago,  
"You write like Calverley."  
I thanked him with a smile. But oh  
The difference to me!

—Puck.

IN an article on smoking in France a Paris correspondent of The Pall Mall Gazette says: "Oddly enough, smoking is on the decrease in France among men. At least forty per cent. of the young men in the higher and professional classes do not smoke. It is a common experience to be invited to a house where, after dinner, neither cigars nor cigarettes are produced; the men immediately join the ladies in the salon. This, again I fancy, is something of a pose; it is a new manifestation of what we call *snobbisme*, but it is none the less curious."





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## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

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155  
25c. and 60c.—at your druggist's.

### Synopsis of Canadian North-west HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.
- (3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).
- (4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowance crossed in the measurement.
- (5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Is a daily demonstration in thousands of homes every day in the week of the good materials skillfully used—it's the best bread baked, by long odds, and if it isn't it should be a part of your good living.

At your grocer's—5 cents.



## SPORTING COMMENT



THOUGH the Russell incident was not such a potent factor as some believe in placing the Argonauts at loggerheads with the C. A. A. U., yet in the light of recent events, the oarsmen should be excused if they indulge in a very wry smile when Russell's name is mentioned. He was the stumbling block over which they tripped, and the said obstruction was placed in their path for a purpose, which it served all too well.

How worthy of credence the M. A. A. A.'s assurances were in regard to his past performances and future conduct, the sequel illustrates admirably. Russell, their pride and joy, skipped to the Wanderers when the hockey season opened, and for a brief season there was wailing and desolation at the Montreal headquarters of sport, pure and undefiled. After that, the ponderous wheels of justice began to creek, and the once favored son was dumped into the lap of a cold and unfeeling world minus the benefits and privileges of the M.A.A.A., such as they are. Base ingratitude on somebody's part, but which party we shall accuse is not disclosed by the proceedings.

The only thing necessary to complete this moving drama, is to have Russell received back with every symptom of affection, when he is again needed. It will be a problem play of great heart interest, as the bill-boards say, and the problem will be: "Who was handed the lemon?"

THE golf section of the Olympic games will hold its meeting at one of the southern links on June 1, 2 and 3. At the time of the last championships at St. Louis some rather ungracious comment appeared, principally in the British press, belittling the victory of George S. Lyon, on the ground that representative English golfers were not present, and therefore the contest was not a real test.

One would think that the exploits of W. J. Travis and Arnaud Massy, on British soil, would take a little starch out of some of our contemporaries over 'ome, but a few of them are still blind to signs and portents, and as a bulwark to their theories, dig up old fables for parrot-like comment on the St. Louis Olympic.

If the evidence of competent observers is to be believed, Lyon played a game at St. Louis that was unbeatable. He set a pace that, for speed and persistence, was terrific, and wore his opponents' nerves till they snapped under the strain. When you are playing against a man who beats you from the tee every crack out of the box, and refuses to let you get inside on the short game, it is time to kiss yourself good-by, as the song says. This is the disheartening combination of circumstances that the best of them were up against at St. Louis, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that it might happen again on other shores. The unwisdom of being too cocky before the event has been illustrated before.

CRICKETERS in Winnipeg are talking of getting up an eleven, selected from the various city clubs, to come east and play in various towns and cities during the coming summer. They say they have tried in vain to get an Eastern eleven to visit Winnipeg, and so will do as they did in 1882 and 1890, come to Ontario and Quebec, and try their luck. It is proposed to bring fifteen men, from whom the captain will select an eleven for each match. Once it becomes certain that the party can be got together, a series of fixtures with the best clubs will be arranged. A Toronto player, who saw some cricket in Winnipeg last summer, is of opinion that the Western eleven will just about keep the Eastern players busy.

THE delicate flirtation now taking place between Tom Flanagan and President Sullivan, of the A. A. U., in regard to Longboat's suspension, has reached a stage where tentative proposals and hypothetical questions are being ruled out. Plain English, being the language of commerce, is now the medium of communication, though we may expect a few Celtic war-whoops at intervals when the party of the first part and the party of the second part get their Irish up.

Flanagan's apparently humble and contrite attitude, though calculated to deceive, does not altogether conceal

certain warlike preparations in the background, and the Hon. Sullivan may yet have to produce his entire bag of tricks. His present efforts are mainly directed toward forestalling the inevitable by a series of propositions, which it is not at all necessary for Longboat to accept. Though the Indian is at present debarred from competition in the U. S., this is not an insurmountable hardship. He is in a class by himself, and there are not a few people on the other side who think that it is a great big mistake that he should be kept out on a technicality.

Sullivan has all his tongs employed at present picking the Halpin squabble out of the embers, and a little time for reflection will not hurt Longboat's case.

LAST week we had something to say on the subject of fish. There is enough importance in the subject to warrant the saying of a great deal more. In nothing more than in respect to our fishing are we a foolish people in Ontario. We have in our fish a great property, but in order that a few people may make a living by catching and selling fish to the fish companies of the United States, we allow the waters to be depleted, the laws violated, and an immensely profitable summer tourist trade greatly lessened. In one of the richest fish countries in the world we cannot get on our markets fish to eat, nor will we be able soon to find angling that will either amuse ourselves or attract those tourists whose spendings would enrich country places, where cash in easy lumps will find no other excuse for visiting. Why is it that Toronto dealers cannot get the fresh fish the city needs, and why is it that local towns where fishing flourishes are in the same situation? Various explanations are offered, but much weight attaches to this one, that fish have a market across the border all the year around, while with us they have a market only when legally taken. This gives the foreign buyer an advantage. For some reason unknown to any onlooker the successive governments have seemed afraid to enforce the law—have let things slide, although the conditions have been evil for a long time. The moment the Government wants the illegal sale of fish stopped, it can be stopped. It will merely be necessary to instruct inspectors that there is to be no more fooling, to inform them that they are to do real work, for which they will be paid real wages, and the looting of our waters will cease. One inspector having seized fish in transit and confiscated such shipments as contained fish of illegal size or species, consternation reigned in the traffic. But the inspector lost his job. However, he did not live in vain, for he proved his case. He showed how it could be done, which is all that the man who invented steam did.

Isn't it about time that Ontario woke up and insisted upon the exercise of common sense in respect to her fish wealth?

#### Misadventure of a Student.

EVERY time I revisited my college, one of the larger ones, not long after graduation," said the youngish man to his train companion, "I rather hoped that some sophomore would approach me with a view to hazing."

"I wanted to get a chance to say when he gave me an order in a lordly way. 'Why I'm Blank, naughty-blank,' and then wait to hear him apologize. It would have pleased me all the more because I remember that in my sophomore year, early in the fall, I myself approached a post-graduate student and gave him an order and got an awful call for it."

"Even when I was in college and had occasion to visit some other university I tried to make myself look as much like a freshman as possible, so that I might crush some foreign sophomore the same way. But my hopes never were realized," he added regretfully.

"You may count yourself lucky," said his companion. "I was hazed once at another college, and it wasn't pleasant."

"I was visiting some freshmen at this other place. We were all going to a dance that night, and we were dressing when up came a bunch of

sophomores who said: 'All you freshmen, out in your pyjamas!'

"It was just at the start of the college year. The other three started to obey, but I kept on dressing."

"I'll see you fellows at the dance," I said, grinning.

"One of the sophomores told me to cut that out and get my pyjamas on. 'Not much,' I replied, 'I'm not a student here. I'm from—'

"The sophomore told me to quit kidding, and to obey, or it would be worse for me. The other three started to laugh in their turn, and I knew that they'd swear I was a freshman there if they got a chance. Besides, there were at least twenty sophomores and I realized that I was up against it."

"So I gave in. Well, we got out into the street, and they were making us run races there, holding our caps in our mouths and going on hands and knees, barking meanwhile, when along came a dozen of the girls who were to be at the dance. They recognized us all right. I didn't go to the dance."—New York Sun.

#### The Winter Warriors.

This road we ride forever—  
The winds are up to-night,  
The clouds are black and scattered,  
The moon is keen and white.

Come, winds of winter, striding  
Adown the mountain side!  
In frozen, clanging armor  
Your sworded warriors ride!

Come, heralding your storm-king  
In raiment spangled, white,  
Who tries our hearts and sinews,  
Who calls us forth to fight!

Come, bring the five-month winter  
Of hoisterous days and snow,  
Of silent trackless forests,  
And fir trees bended low;

Of nights when all the heavens  
Are dashed with splendid stars,  
When northern lights in ancient fights  
Clash flaming on the scours!

See, see the winter warriors  
That spur in squalls of white,  
With lance in rest and plume on crest,  
All charging through the night!

The stars are in my pulses,—  
And white the wind-swept snow!  
Strike spur and slacken bridle;  
We'll ride forever so!

—W. S. Hinchman, in The Atlantic Monthly.

A young Englishman with a title and a healthy appetite recently went to spend a few days at a monastery in Switzerland. By chance he arrived on a Friday, when the fare was especially frugal. He had little to eat that day and went to bed hungry. During the night, as is their custom, one of the fathers went to the cells with a benediction, "The Lord be with you," which, of course, he said in Latin. When he came to the door of the visitor's cell he knocked and said, "Dominus tecum!" "Who's there?" cried the young Englishman. The monk repeated, "Dominus tecum!" "Ah, thanks, I'm much obliged," said his lordship, getting out of bed. "Please put it down outside."

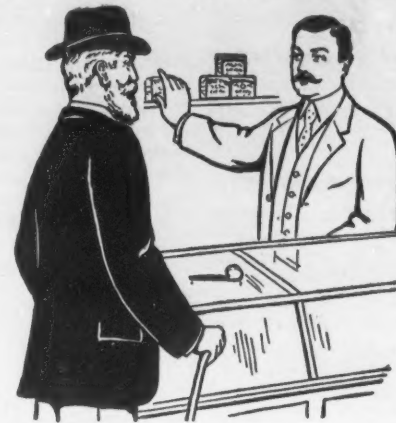
Not infrequently complaint is made in the magazines and more conservative newspapers that the art of letter writing has been lost; that the grace and charm as exemplified in the correspondence of writers in other days finds no parallel in this matter of fact period.

Answer is usually returned that the man or woman of to-day is too busily engaged to permit of their indulgence in the epistolary affectations of older times. Certainly the letter writers of those days enjoyed the advantage of great leisure. It is difficult otherwise to account for their prodigality of phrasing.

Lady Pomfret, we are told, presented to Lady Hereford a pair of alabaster vases, and received in return a letter of thanks fitted to the times.

"There is," wrote the recipient of the vases, "an elegance in them superior to anything I ever saw; and yet, inestimable and beautiful as they are in themselves, their being a mark of your friendship enhances their value to me even beyond their merit."

I sit and look at them with admiration for an hour together. I have not a room in the house worthy of them, no furniture good enough to fit with them; in short, I find a thousand wants that never entered my head be-



"What is your best selling pipe tobacco, Henry?"

"Meerschaum Cut Plug, sir. It appeals to every man. It is absolutely pure tobacco—seven distinct varieties of natural leaf, perfectly blended. It makes a cool, sweet smoke—and a very economical smoke, because, being already cut for you, there is none wasted when you fill the pipe."

468

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Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

#### A GOOD ARTIST

can make a ten thousand dollar picture of a ten dollar man. A good engraver can make a cut of a two dollar shoe look as well as a seven dollar shoe, but he can't put the value into the shoe. We can't make the picture tell the story, but the shoe does its own talking. Look at the Stetson Shoe and wear one pair and you'll readily see why so many people pay Stetson prices for Stetson Shoes.



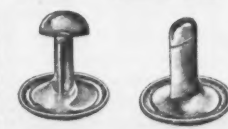
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fore. I am grown ambitious all at once, and want to change my house for a palace, and to ransack all the cabinets in Europe for paintings, sculptures, and other curiosities to place with them."

Even Lady Pomfret, who was herself a pretty fair phrase maker, seems to have been a little abashed by her friend's enthusiasm.

"You quite confound me, dear madam," she replied, "with the encomiums you bestow upon a couple of alabaster vases fit only for the obscurity of a grotto, and very justly make me blush for having sent so trifling a present."

This extravagant diction is equalled by that of the Princess Craon when writing to Sir Horace Walpole. After thanking Walpole for some trifle, the Princess says:

"The generosity of your friendship for me, sir, leaves me nothing to de-

sire of all that is precious in England, China and the Indies."

Yale University has announced that a course in the theory, design and construction of sailing yachts will be given to graduates and seniors in the winter and spring terms of this year. The preparatory subjects required are mechanical drawing, descriptive geometry and mechanics. William Crosby Marshall, assistant professor of drawing in the Scientific School, will conduct the new course. The course is an innovation at Yale, which, as far as is known, is the first university to offer such instruction.

First Man—We have eleven kittens at our house, and I've named them all Peter Pan. Second Man—How's that? First Man—They are never going to live to grow up.—Brooklyn Life.



## UNEXCEPTIONABLE REFERENCES

By E. NESBIT

"HOOTS!" said the gardener, "there's nae sense in't. The suppression o' the truth's bad as a lee. Indeed, I doot mair hae been lost for th'ane than t'ither."

"Law! Mr. Murchison, you do use language, I'm sure!" tittered the parlormaid.

"I say mair than the truth," he answered, cutting bloom after bloom quickly yet tenderly. "To bring hame a new mistress to the hoose and never tell your bairn a word about the matter till all's made fast—it's a thing he'll hae to answer for to his Maker, I'm thinking. Here's the flowers, wumman; carry them canny. I'll send the lad up wi' the lave o' the flowers an' bit green stuff in a wee meenit. And mind you your flaunting streamers agin the pots."

The parlormaid gathered her skirts closely, and delicately tip-toed to the door of the hothouse. Here she took the basket of bright beauty from his hand and walked away across the green blaze of the lawn.

Mr. Murchison grunted relief. He was not fond of parlormaid, no matter how pretty and streamered.

He left the big hothouse and threaded his way among the glittering lasses to the potting-shed. At its door a sound caught his ear.

"Hoots!" he said again, but this time with a gentle, anxious intonation.

"Eh! ma lammie," said he, stepping quickly forward, "what devilment hae ye been after the noo, and wha is'ts been catching ye at it?"

The "lammie" crept out from under the potting-shed; a pair of small arms went around Murchison's legs, and a little face, round and red and very dirty, was lifted towards his. He raised the child in his arms and set her on the shelf, so that she could lean her flushed face on his shirt-front.

"Toots, toots!" said he, "noo tell me—"

"It isn't true, is it?" said the child.

"Hoots!" said Murchison for the third time, but he said it under his breath. Aloud he said, "Tell old Murchison a' about it, Miss Charling, hinney."

"It was when I wanted some more of the strawberries," she began, with another sob, "and the new cook said not, and I was a greedy little pig; and I said I'd rather be a greedy little pig than a spiteful old cat!" The tears broke out afresh.

"And you eight past! Ye should hae mair sense at siccen age than to ca' names." The head gardener spoke reprovingly, but he stroked her rough hair.

"I didn't—not one single name—not even when she said I was enough to make a cat laugh, even an old one—and she wondered any good servant ever stayed a week in the place."

"And what was ye sayin'?"

"I said, 'Guid ye may be, but ye're no bonny'—I've heard you say that, Murchison, so I know it wasn't wrong, and then she said I was a minx, and other things, and I wanted keeping in order, and it was a very good thing I had a new mamma coming home to-day, to keep me under a bit, and a lot more—and—things about my own, own mother, and that father wouldn't love me any more. But it's not true, is it? Oh! it isn't true? She only said it?"

"Ma lammie," said he gravely, kissing the top of the head nestled against him, "it's true yer guid feyther, wha never crossed ye except for yer ain-sake syne th' day ye were born, is bringing hame a guid wife the day, but ye mun be a wumman and no cry out afore ye're hurt. I'll be bound it's a kind, genteel lady he's got, that'll love ye, and mak' much o' ye, and teach ye to sew fine—aye, an' play at the piano as like's no."

The child's mouth tightened resentfully, but Murchison did not see it. "Noo, ye'll jest be a douce lassie," he went on, "and say me fair that ye'll never gie an unkind word tae yer feyther's new lady. Noo, promise me that, an' I ken fine ye'll keep tae it."

"No, I won't say anything unkind to her," she answered, and Murchison hugged himself on a victory, for a promise was the one thing sacred to Charling. He did not notice the child's voice as she gave it.

When the tears were quite dried he gave her a white geranium to plant in her own garden, and went back to his work.

Charling took the geranium with pretty thanks and kisses, but she felt it a burden none the less. For her mind was quite made up. When she had promised never to say anything unkind to her "father's new lady" she meant to keep her promise—by never speaking to her or seeing her at all. She meant to run away. How could she bear to be "kept under" by this strange lady, who would come

and sit in her own mother's place, and wear her own mother's clothes, and no doubt presently burn her own mother's picture and make Charling wash the dishes and sweep the kitchen like poor dear Cinderella in the story?

So Charling went indoors and washed her face and hands and smoothed her hair, which never would be smoothed, put a few treasures in her pocket—all her money, some colored chalks, a stone with crystal inside that showed where it was broken, and went quietly out of the lodge gate, carrying the white geranium in her arms, because when you are running away you cannot possibly leave behind you the last gift of somebody who loves you. But the geranium was very heavy—and it seemed to get heavier and heavier as she walked along the dry, dusty road, so that presently Charling turned through the swing-gate into the field-way, for the sake of the shadow of the hedge; and the field-way led past the church, and when she reached the low, mossy wall of the churchyard she set the pot on it and rested. Then she said—

"I think I will leave it with mother to take care of." So she took the pot in her hands again and carried it to her mother's grave. Of course they had told Charling that her mother was an angel now and was not in the churchyard at all, but in heaven; what heaven was a very long way off, and Charling preferred to think that mother was only asleep under the green counterpane with the daisies on it. There had been a green coverlet to the bed in mother's room, only it had white lilac on it, and not daisies. So Charling set down the pot, and she knelt down beside it, and wrote on it with a piece of blue chalk from her pocket: "From Charling to mother to take care of." Then she cried a little bit more, because she was so sorry for herself; and then she smelt the thyme and wondered why the bees liked it better than white geraniums; and then she felt that she was very like a little girl in a book, and so she forgot to cry, and told herself that she was the third sister going out to seek her fortune.

After that it was easy to go on, especially when she had put the crystal stone, which hung heavy and bumpy in her pocket, beside the geranium pot. Then she kissed the tombstone where it said, "Helen, beloved wife of —" and went away among the green graves.

Mother had died when she was only five, so that she could not remember her very well; but all these three years she had loved and thought of a kind, beautiful something that was never tired and never cross, and always ready to kiss and love and forgive little girl however naughty she was, and she called this something "mother" in her heart, and it was for this something that she left her kisses on the gravestone.

It was on a wide, furze-covered down, across which a white road wound like a twisted ribbon, that Charling's courage began to fail her. The white road looked so very long; there were no houses anywhere, and no trees, only far away across the down she saw the round tops of some big elms. "They look like cabbages," she said to herself.

She walked quite a long way, and she was very tired. Her dinner of sweets and stale cakes from the green-glass bottles in the window of a village shop had not been so nice as she expected; the woman at the shop had been cross because Charling had no pennies, only the five-shilling piece father had given her when he went away, and the woman had no change. And she had scolded so that Charling had grown frightened and had run away, leaving the big, round piece of silver on the dirty little counter. This was about the time when she was missed at home, and the servants began to search for her, running to and fro like ants whose nest is turned up by the spade.

A big furze bush cast a ragged square yard of alluring shade on the common. Charling flung herself down on the turf in the shadow. "I wonder what they are doing at home?" she said to herself awhile. "I don't suppose they've even missed me. They think of nothing but making the place all flowery for her to see. Nobody wants me—"

At home they were dragging the ornamental water in the park—old Murchison directing the operations with tears running slow and unregarded down his face.

Charling lay and looked at the white road. Somebody must go along it presently. Roads were made for people to go along. Then when any people came by she would speak to them, and they would help her and tell her what to do. "I wonder what

a girl ought to do when she runs away from home?" said Charling to herself. "Boys go to sea, of course; but I don't suppose a pirate would care about engaging a cabin-girl—" She fell a-musing, however, on the probable woes of possible cabin-girls, and their chances of becoming admirals, as cabin-boys always did in the stories; and so deep were her musings that she positively jumped when a boy, passing along the road, began suddenly to whistle. It was the air of a comic song, in a minor key, and its inflections were those of a funeral march. It went to Charling's heart. Now she knew, as she had never known before, how lonely and miserable she was.

She scrambled to her feet and called out, "Hi! you boy!"

The boy also jumped. But he stopped and said "Well?" though in a tone that promised little.

"Come here," said Charling. "At least, of course, I mean come here, if you please."

The boy, a well-grown lad of twelve or fourteen, shrugged his shoulders and came towards her.

"Well?" he said again, very grumpily, Charling thought; so she said, "Don't be cross. I wish you'd talk to me a little, if you are not too busy. If you please, I mean, of course."

She said it with her best company manner, and the boy laughed, not unkindly, but still in a grudging way. Then he threw himself down on the turf and began pulling bits of it up by the roots. "Go ahead!" said he.

But Charling could not go ahead. She looked at his handsome, sulky face, his knitted brow, twisted into fretful lines, and the cloud behind his blue eyes frightened her.

"Oh! go away!" she said. "I don't want you! Go away; you're very unkind!"

The boy seemed to shake himself awake at the sight of the tears that rushed to follow her words.

"I say, don't-you-know, I say," but Charling had flung herself face down on the turf and took no notice.

"I say, look here," he said; "I am not unkind, really. I was in an awful wax about something else, and I didn't understand. Oh, drop it! I say look here, what's the matter? I'm not such a bad sort, really. Come, kiddie, what's the row?"

He dragged himself on knees and elbows to her side and began to pat her on the back. With some energy: "There, there," he said; "don't cry, there's a dear. Here, I've got a handkerchief, as it happens," for Charling was feeling blindly and vainly among the colored chalks. He thrust the dingy handkerchief into her hands, and she dried her eyes, still sobbing.

"That's the style," said he. "Look here," we're like people in a book. Two travellers in misfortune meet upon a wild moor and exchange narratives. Come, tell me, what's up?"

"You tell first," said Charling, rubbing her eyes very hard; "but swear eternal friendship before you begin, then we can't tell each other's secrets to the enemy."

He looked at her with an ascent approval. She understood how to play, then, this forlorn child in the torn white frock.

He took her hand and said solemnly—

"I swear."

"Your name," she interrupted. "I, N, or M, swear, you know."

"Oh, yes. Well, I, Harry Basingstoke, swear to you—"

"Charling," she interpolated; "the other names don't matter. I've got six of them."

"That we will support—no, maintain—eternal friendship."

"And I, Charling, swear the same to you, Harry."

"Why do they call you Charling?"

"Oh! because my name's Charlotte, and mother used to sing a song about Charlie being her darling, and I was her darling, only I couldn't speak properly then; and I got it mixed up into Charling; father says. But let's be getting on. Tell me your sad history, poor fellow-wanderer."

"My father was a king," said Harry, gravely; but Charling turned such sad eyes on him that he stopped.

"Won't you tell me the real true truth?" she said. "I will you."

"Well," said he, "the real true truth is, Charling, I've run away from home, and I'm going to sea."

Charling clasped her hands. "Oh! so have I! So am I! Let me come with you. Would they take a cabin-girl on the ship you're going to, do you think? And why did you run away? Do they beat you and starve you at home? Or have you a cruel stepmother, or stepfather, or something?"

"No," said he grimly; "I haven't any step-relations, and I'm jolly well not going to have any, either. I ran away because I didn't choose to have a strange chap set over me, and that's all I am going to tell you. But about

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you? How far have you come to-day?"

"About ninety miles, I should think," said Charling; "at least, my legs feel exactly like that."

"And what made you do such a silly thing?" he said, smiling at her, and she thought his blue eyes looked quite different now, so that she did not mind his calling her silly. "You know, it's no good girls running away; they always get caught, and then they're put into convents or something." She slipped her hand confidently under his arm, and put her head against the sleeve of his Norfolk jacket.

"Not girls with eternal friends, they don't," she said. "You'll take care of me now? You won't let them catch me?"

"Tell me why you did it, then."

Charling told him at some length. "And father never told me a word about it," she ended; "and I wasn't going to stay to be made to wash the dishes and things, like Cinderella. I wouldn't stand that, not if I had to run away every day for a year. Besides, nobody wants me; nobody will miss me."

This was about the time when they found the white geranium in the churchyard, and began to send grooms about the country on horses. And Murchison was striding about the lanes gnawing his grizzled beard and calling on his God to take him, too, if harm had come to the child.

"But perhaps the stepmother would be nice," the boy said.

"Not she. Stepmothers never are. I know just what she'll be like—a horrid old hag with red hair and a hump!"

"Then you've not seen her?"

"No."

"You might have waited till you had."

"It would have been too late then," said Charling tragically.

"But your father wouldn't have let you be treated unkindly, silly."

"Fathers generally die when the stepmother comes; or else they can't help themselves. You know that as well as I do."

"I suppose your father is a good sort?"

"He's the best man there is," said Charling indignantly, "and the kindest and bravest, and cleverest and amusest, and he can sit any horse like wax; and he can fence with real swords and sing all the songs in all the world. There!"

Harry was silent, racking his brain in the effort to find arguments to lead this small rebel back into the paths of common sense.

"Look here, kiddie," he said slowly, "if your father's such a good sort, he'd have more sense than to choose a stepmother who wasn't nice. He's a much finer chap than the fathers in fairy tales. You never read of them being able to do all the things your father can do?"

"No," said Charling. "That's true."

"He's sure to have chosen someone quite jolly, really," Harry went on, more confidently.

Charling looked up suddenly. "Who was it chose the chap that you weren't going to stand having set over you?" she said.

The boy bit his lip.

"I swore eternal friendship, so I can never tell your secrets, you know," said Charling softly, "and I've told you ever single thing."

"Well, it's my sister, then," said he abruptly, "and she's married a chap I've never seen—and I'm to go and live with them—and she told me once she was never going to marry, and it was always going to be just us two; and now she's found this fellow she knew when she was a little girl and he was a boy—as it might be us, you know—and she's forgotten all about what she said, and married him. And I wasn't asked to be wedding because they wanted to be married quietly; and they come home from their hateful honeymoon this evening, and the holidays begin to-day, and I was to go to this new chap's house to spend them. And I only got her letter this morning, and I just took my journey money and ran away. My boxes were sent on straight from school, though—so I've got no clothes but these. I'm just

going to look at the place where she's to live, and then I'm off to sea."

"Why didn't she tell you before?"

"She says she meant it to be a pleasant surprise, because we've been rather hard up since my father died, and this chap's got horses and everything, and she says he's going to adopt me. As if I wanted to be adopted by an old stuck-up money grubber!"

"But you haven't seen him," said Charling gently. "If I'm silly, you are, too, aren't you?"

She hid her face on her sleeve to avoid seeing the effect of this daring shot. Only silence answered her.

Presently Harry said—

"Now, kiddie, let me take you home, will you? Give the stepmother a fair show, anyhow."

Charling reflected. She was very tired. She stroked Harry's hand absently, and after a while said—

"I will if you will."

"Will what?"

"Go back and give your chap a fair trial."

And now the boy reflected. "Done," he said suddenly. "After all, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Come on." He stood up and held out his hand. This was about the time when the cook packed her box and went off, leaving it to be sent after her. Public opinion in the servant's hall was too strong to be longer faced.

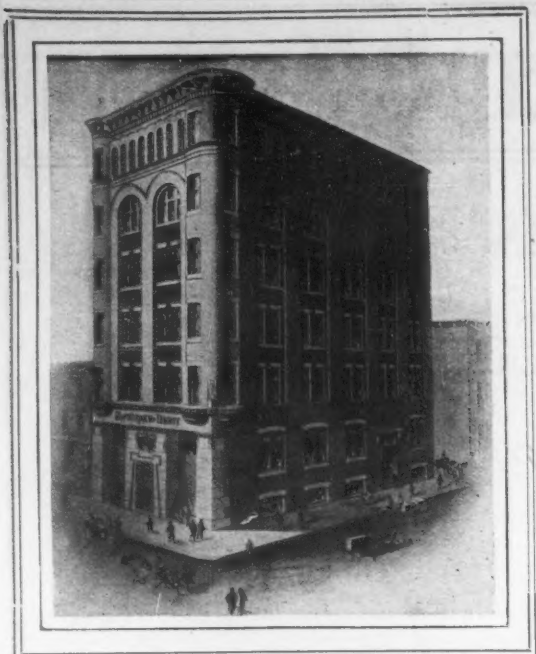
The shadows of the trees lay black and level across the pastures when the two children reached the lodge gates. A floral arch was above the gate, and wreaths of flowers and flags made the avenue gay. Charling had grown very tired, and Harry had carried her on his back for the last mile or two—resting often, because Charling was a strong, healthy child, and, as he phrased it, "no slouch of a weight."

Now they paused at the gate of the lodge.

"This is my house," said Charling. "They've put all these things up for her, I suppose. If you'll write down

(Concluded on page 20.)





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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## !?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

### Three Styles of Kissing Exemplified

BEES are often witnessed where farmers do most congenial, but the "kissing bee" at Picton last week, when the Eastern Dairymen's Association held its annual convention, is worthy of special notice. Three tiny tots, with white dresses, large sashes, and bows in their hair, presented huge bouquets of roses to the Ontario Deputy Minister of Agriculture, the Dominion Minister of Agriculture, and the Ontario Minister of Agriculture, in the order named, and each of the demure little maids was kissed for her kindness. All the happy men are graduates of universities, and each of them unconsciously displayed the style of his college in the delivery of his salute. Mr. C. C. James betrayed Victoria in the gentle, innocent manner peculiar to the Old Cobourg graduates; Hon. Sydney Fisher imparted an Oxford accent to his dignified smack, leaving an impression that he had had some transatlantic practice; while Hon. Nelson Monteith's kiss was full of the spontaneity and bluff heartiness so characteristic of the Guelph Agricultural College man.

It was an exhibition of experts, and the Picton girls are still debating as to who won highest honors.

### The Optimism of the West.

IN the great West of Canada there is an optimism that surmounts any vicissitude. When a man gets a hard knock he takes it as part of the game, and comes up smiling to see what will happen next.

Last winter was one of the most severe experienced on this continent, and throughout the western States and western provinces of Canada many exceptional hardships had to be endured, especially as a long series of mild winters had caused people to neglect precautions. The deep snow was fatal to cattle—they could not graze as had been expected.

When cattle began to die off, and nothing could be done to save them, ranchers from the surrounding country began to gather in a certain town in the northern prairie. They had no hay to feed their stock, could get none, and preferred to stay in town rather than remain to suffer with their cattle. One fine frosty morning a group of these ranchers saw a fellow stockman riding in. They greeted him with the usual question.

"Hello, Bill. Have you run out of feed?"

"No," said Bill. "I've run out of cattle."

### What did he Mean Exactly?

A STORY is told of the difficulties a Frenchman, who is a professor of his language in a Canadian university, encountered in expressing himself in English and at the same time preserving his usual polite, French style.

The professor had been specially requested to attend a lecture to be delivered by a professor of music at a recital. The former was present and was greatly pleased with the discourse on "The French as Musicians." A few months later the musician was requested to lecture on the same subject again. He very courageously invited his foreign friend to attend, when he was greeted with the uncertain reply:

"Yes, indeed, sir, I shall try and listen to your lecture again."

### A Witty Prelate

ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL, of Ottawa, who has been mentioned in connection with a Senatorship, under Dr Morgan's plan of introducing representatives of the churches, universities and fourth estate, into the Red Chamber, is noted for his ready wit as well as his profound learning. Not long after the formation of the second Macdonald administration in 1878, business of a

pressing nature took him one day to see the Prime Minister at his office in the Eastern Block in Ottawa. At the time of his Grace's visit, Sir John Macdonald happened to be sitting in Council with his colleagues, but being apprised of the great churchman's presence he at once came out into the corridor and invited the Bishop to come in and take a seat at the Board.

"Your Grace will find yourself in congenial company," said Sir John in his playful way as the Bishop sat down, "for I have not only one but two Popes here to meet you." He referred, of course, to the late Hon. John Henry Pope and the late Hon. James C. Pope, who were then members of the Cabinet.

"Yes," answered the Archbishop, "while that is true, I see (as he glanced round the table) that you have a little Baby here also (the late Mr. Justice Baby), and it is a well recognized fact that there can be no babies where there are Popes!"

### Richard Coady's Memory

RICHARD T. COADY, Toronto's City Treasurer, has a most remarkable memory. Around the City Hall his recollection of things is regarded as almost as sure as any written record. Often when some city official wishes to fix a date for some event, and cannot find any record of it, he consults Mr. Coady, and almost invariably gets satisfaction.

City Clerk Littlejohn some time ago had occasion to prepare a list of Toronto's Mayors, with the dates when they held office. Some of them he was not quite sure about, so down he went to the Treasurer's office, and told Mr. Coady what he wanted. The man with the memory leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and went over the list for half a century back, giving names and dates with amazing accuracy, while the City Clerk corrected his list and filled in names and dates where they were missing.

### "Songs of a Sourdough."

ENGLISH publishers have an unfortunate habit of turning down indiscriminately the works of Canadian authors, and thereby know this tale.

Recently a well-known English publishing house was asked to publish "Songs of a Sourdough," the remarkable book of verse from the pen of Robert Service, the bank teller-poet of the Yukon. A copy of the Canadian edition was sent along as a sample. Back came the answer:

"No, won't publish. Feeble imitation of Kipling." To be sure Service parodied Kipling in some of his pieces because he wrote those merely for the amusement of a group of personal friends and without any idea of publishing. They were meant for camp-fire use.

But they were much more than echoes of Kipling. In Canada and the United States people took to the book and soon edition after edition had been issued, until 8,000 copies were sold in Canada alone.

Then a Canadian publishing man wrote a post card to the English firm. The card bore the simple message: "Songs of a Sourdough selling well. Eight thousand sold already. Pretty good for a blooming colony and a feeble imitation of Kipling, eh?"

No answer has been received as yet.

### Choosing a Sheriff for Kent.

IN the Ontario Legislature in the early eighties there was no more prominent figure than that of the late Robert Ferguson, Liberal member for the constituency of East Kent, now represented by the popular Conservative member, Mr. Phil Bowyer, editor of the Ridgeway Dominion. The late Mr. Ferguson was to all intents and purposes elected for life, as he never failed to be returned by a very large majority, and had the support of many who were politically opposed to his party. Many stories are told of him, but probably the best relates to the vacancy that occurred in the post of sheriff of Kent on the death of Sheriff Mercer. The appointment, of course, went to Mr. J. G. Gemmill, who at the time was editor of the Daily Banner in Chatham, Mr. John F. McKay, now of The Globe, being business manager of that journal at the time. But, as usual, there were several applicants for the light and lucrative job of Sheriff of Kent.

Some of the younger politicians of the party felt that it was time they got something in the way of reward for being good, and started after this job. Mr. Ferguson, at Thamesville, was called up by long distance telephone and asked to say fair and square whose appointment he favored.

It was pretty sudden and the subject ticklish, but Mr. Ferguson was equal to the occasion. Over the wire came his answer:

"I ha'e no given the subject any thought, but since you ha'e called it to my attention, I think I will just take the job myself."

When this unexpected reply was reported to the older heads in the party they smiled and rightly concluded that Mr. Ferguson would support Mr. Gemmill for the appointment.

### A Stampede in the Ward

THE ease with which a run on a bank may be started, especially among an ignorant clientele, was illustrated by an incident a few weeks ago, which in order to prevent the fever extending was suppressed by the daily newspapers. As a result of it local banks are not so anxious to secure on deposit the hoardings of the foreign population as they once were. The disturbances in New York during the latter part of the year just ended created considerable unrest among such classes of people as the unlettered Italians and Poles, which was felt in every city in the country. The foreign population of Toronto has gradually concentrated in that dozen or more blocks back of the City Hall, known as "the Ward," and two or three banks set out a year or two ago to cultivate the business of these sojourners who live at a minimum of expenditure and save a large part even of their meagre earnings. One branch in particular had succeeded in cornering a large part of the business. Money and the various possibilities, honest and otherwise, of getting it on this free continent is almost the sole topic of interest in this community, and the closing of banks in New York caused a great deal of jabbering, since many of them have relatives and connections in that city. One day an old Polish woman walked into the branch bank in question and presented a cheque which had been given her by someone. The ledgerkeeper looked it up and found there was no deposit sufficient to cover it and handed it back



"A BLOOMING COLONY."

with the remark, "No funds!" It was difficult to make the old woman understand and she went away with the impression that the bank had no money and told the story. This in itself would not have caused a run, for the old woman was looked upon as foolish, but in the afternoon toward closing time when the little branch was crowded, a clerk from another bank who was getting one of the cheques marked, such as are exchanged between banks, jokingly demanded cash, and was in the same spirit of raillery sent about his business. All through the foreign stew of the Ward the rumor spread and when at night-fall the heads of the populace gathered in from the highways and the back lanes, it was resolved to forcibly demand their money. The bank had to open up at half-past eight at night and continue paying until available funds in the vault were exhausted and the institution was closed until morning. The police had to handle the angry mob and next day there were runs on all the branch banks in the quarter. In the withdrawals the simple desire of the depositors to see money with their own eyes was manifest. After being paid the depositor would want the teller to take the money back again, a request which was in most instances refused. Some indeed were satisfied with the mere act of marking the cheque and after examining it carefully would tear it up. The banks have decided that they don't want any more such troublesome customers.

### In the Eventless Early Days

A STORY is told of Mr. Arthur F. Wallis, chief editor of The Mail and Empire, and Mr. Phillip Thompson, the well-known economist, which illustrates former newspaper conditions here. In the seventies Mr. Wallis was a reporter on The Mail and Mr. Thompson used to contribute to the same journal causeries signed "Jimmie Briggs," which aroused considerable amusement. In these days one of the problems of the city editor is to make up his mind what to leave out, but in those days local news was frequently a scarce commodity and a reporter was valued for the number of items he turned in. One day young Wallis came in, and found "Jimmie Briggs" writing copy in the editorial rooms. The latter enquired whether there was much news on the streets. Wallis replied sadly that there was not; he hadn't uncovered an item. "Well," said Thompson, "there was one thing I used to fall back on when I was reporting. When I could find no other items I used to turn in a paragraph about counterfeit money being in circulation."

Young Wallis thought this a brilliant idea and proceeded to enlarge on the theme, saying several local merchants had complained of receiving counterfeit bills. The next day when he came down town he was called into the chief editor's office and told that the managers of two or three banks were anxious to get more particulars about the counterfeit money. They would like the names of the merchants who had received it and wished to trace the bills so as to find out whose bills were being fabricated. Then, and for the first and last time, Mr. Wallis was obliged to confess that he was a "fakir." One experience was enough.

### The Angel of Welcome at Quebec.

TWO citizens were talking about the Canadian Club movement, inspired by Earl Grey, for preserving the Plains of Abraham and setting up a noble figure of the Angel of Welcome over the harbor of Quebec.

"I like that idea of a figure of the Angel of Welcome," said the younger man. "It is a poetic and artistic thought."

"Yes," agreed the bald-headed man. "But in such an age as this we should bring invention to our aid. Let us not be blind and indiscriminate in our Welcome. The finger of the Angel should point to the Custom House, and there should be some electrical contrivance that would work the Angel's arm so that it could sternly wave back undesirable races and classes and motion them to be begone."

The younger man laughed. "I see that you re opposed to this movement."

"Not at all," retorted the bald man. "I want to make it a howling success. I want to make that Angel useful as well as artistic, and the whole thing truthful as well as poetic."

### What the Employer Did

PEOPLE who do not mix with all sorts and conditions of men are apt to regard the fatuous conversation and the blunders of utterance which dramatists since time immemorial have used for comic effect as exaggerations. Such is not the case, however. Anyone, for instance, who is so placed that he can hear two immigrant Britishers conversing over their work without knowing that they are overheard by some person of better education realizes at once that the grave-digger's scene from Hamlet, for instance, is no exaggeration. Any frequenter of the minor courts discovers many malaprop utterances as rich as any that were ever spoken upon the stage.

Some months ago a Toronto manufacturer had trouble with his employees and started to fight the union. The result was "picketing," a few assaults and charges in the police court of "inciting," as it is called. In the several prosecutions and counter proceedings which occurred the secretary of the union got into court for assaulting the non-union foreman, and in justifying himself on the witness stand he said:

"He (indicating complainant) hurled vile epithets at me, and Mr. T. (the employer) stood by and nodded assent."

### Forty Years Ago.

JAMES HANNAY, in his life of Sir Leonard Tilley in "The Makers of Canada" (Morang), tells of the feeling against union in New Brunswick at the time of Confederation.

Mr. A. R. Wetmore, one of the cleverest lawyers in St. John, was opposed to Tilley on the question of Confederation. In addressing audiences he used to depict the dreadful effects of Confederation in a manner peculiarly his own. His great plea was an imaginary dialogue between himself and his little son, that precocious infant asking him in lisping tones:

"Father, what country do we live in?"

"My dear son," the fond father was forced to reply, "you have no country, for Mr. Tilley has sold us to the Canadians for eighty cents a head."

Harold—That is Bessler, the famous inventor of the triple-expansion engine, the automatic double-back-action-reversible-rapid-fire gun, the compound-electro-heated dynamo, the—

Rupert—But he looks distracted.

Harold—Yes; he can't invent a plausible excuse to give his wife for being late.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.



SOMETIMES think that one of the most curious noises is that nice, funny sound that horses make, somehow, down their noses. "Neighing" or "winnying," doesn't seem to express this sound at all. When Swift wrote about the nation of horses that Gulliver visited, and called it Honyhuhnous, he got as near to that peculiar noise as mere letters could describe it. I have often wondered how a horse does it. After much speculation I have come to the conclusion that a horse can only do it after eating chaff. It must tickle him somewhere—I know chaff would tickle one frightfully. You hear people imitating the lowing of cattle, the braying of an ass, cats' noises and dogs' noises, and farmyard noises, but no one yet has attempted, with even a fraction of success, that peculiar crying, laughing sort of sound that a horse makes when he is pleased or excited.

But I mean to experiment. After drinking champagne (bottle stout will do it at times) you get that odd feeling of neighing running down your nose. It is only a feeling, but I think after consistent (or persistent if you like) doses of champagne and Force (this is not an advertisement, alas), for Force is the nearest thing to chaff I can think of, with perhaps an occasional bran-mash or so, you would promote that silent bubbling in your nose into active operation, so that you could neigh quite pleasantly, and be able to pronounce Honyhuhnous almost perfectly. The only trouble is about the champagne; but if that costly difficulty were surmounted I believe I should really enjoy the experiments. As to the danger of acquiring bad habits, I would never allow myself to become passionately addicted to a mere bran-mash.

Talking of noises reminds me of the experiences at school of a man I know. He told me of three boys in his room. One was known as a greedy boy (to me all school boys are greedy boys), and one night the greedy boy started a competition in noises, finally silencing the two others by making a most successful noise like eating apples. Unfortunately for the greedy boy, they found evidence, in the shape of a pit, of how this wonderful noise had been produced. Furnished therefore with the key to the problem, they astonished the greedy boy, night after night, by making, not only a noise like eating apples, but noises of cakes and sweets—he told me they took care to eat the sweets in a most vulgar, smacking sort of way—and even oranges and a noise like cracking nuts. And the greedy boy couldn't sleep at all after listening to those nice eating noises.

A travelled stranger visiting the big cities of Canada would miss the great sounds that one usually associates with a city. There are no sounds save the ringing of sleigh bells. One misses the "crowd, the hum, the shock of men"; one misses the street cries and the noise of great traffic. If you want street cries go into the suburbs of London and hear the strange noises of the milkmen and the sweeps and the rag and bone men. If you want more street cries go to the East End of London and listen to the shouting of the hawkers. Go to the West End and hark to the clatter of the carriages and to that artistic thing on wheels, the hansom cab.

Then the humor of the streets is loud too. I once bought in the street a little white woolly dog with a tube tail. The dog jumped when you squeezed the tube. I had the idea that all street toys were one penny. The man gave me the woolly thing as I passed him a penny, and then in the loudest and deepest voice so that the whole street could hear the laugh, Where's the other eleven pence? he said. But here there is no humor, there are no cries, and there is no roar of a great city. Only the noise of the sleigh bells. Why we have sleighs I have never been able to make out, for sleighs are used in countries like Russia and England and America, where they have snow, while we have sleighs, but no snow, only a little white rain or white dust, as it is sometimes called. In fact Canadians don't know what the word snow means. Canadians and snow remind one of the immortal elephant child being spanked because he would ask, "What does the crocodile have for dinner?" Brother Canucks, don't you remember those times when you were spanked for saying "Snow," by your tall aunt, the ostrich? I remember it quite well. I don't know that my tall aunt was an ostrich, or that my great uncle was a hippopotamus, but whatever they were I got spanked just the same, if I said "Snow." Don't you remember looking up snow in the Canadian dictionary and finding it carefully scored through? It is exactly the same in England I believe. They don't know what fog means. They admit that there is an occasional sea mist, but fog! never! They, too, alas, have all been thoroughly well spanked if they dared to say "Fog."

But I believe I was trying to write about noises, and neither snow nor fog makes the least sound. There is sometimes a row about them, but that's not their fault. You may fall down in them or on them, but it's you that makes the noise, although once I saw a man fall down on his nose in one of these elements, and he fell like a snowflake, with no sound at all. I think he must have practised it before. After all, though, a cheerful noise is necessary to a thoughtful man; there is far more to be found in silence than in many sounds. Go into the country and do a hard day's work in the fresh, sweet air, and then take your pipe and stand with your back against perhaps the barn door. You will look up to the stars. You are silent and all around you is silent, but the silence which will appeal to you is the silence of the stars and the soundless immensity of the deep thoughtful night.

T. TIN.

The real secret of successful hospitality is absence of effort. No guest ought to have the feeling that his host is making an effort to amuse him; but there are some hosts, and more hostesses, who are unhappy unless they have all their guests, as it were, under strict observation, to be sure that they are being properly amused. They drill their guests.

Teacher (after explaining the character of the Pharisee)—And now, what do we mean by a "hypocrite"? Pupil—Please, miss, a man wot says he is wot he isn't but he ain't.—Punch.



# BRITISH POLICY AND CANADA

By R. S. Neville

FROM the conquest of Canada in 1759 to Confederation in 1867 British North America was mainly an uninhabited country, and much of it is still open and unsettled. It comprised nearly half of the richest continent in the world, and, in the face of the land-hungry nations, could not have been held by any power but the Mistress of the Sea, and by far-seeing diplomacy at once as liberal and masterly as any that history records. Let us take a hasty review.

When the Peace of Utrecht was signed (1713) England was supreme at sea and Marlborough had won undying fame on land. "Ships, commerce and colonies," seemed safe for the future, and, tired with long wars, the nation took time for rest, recuperation, and the enjoyment of its hard won and widely extended commerce, paying little regard to either army or navy. Not so France. That country quietly made preparation for a future struggle. She held Canada with control of the St. Lawrence; Spain, the countries around the Gulf of Mexico, controlling the Mississippi; England, the Atlantic coast between, separated from the interior by the Alleghany mountains.

France entered into a secret treaty with Spain with the object of dividing the American continent and commerce between the two. Spain suddenly became aggressive. She sought to revive trade restrictions grown obsolete by custom; seized British ships, not only in Spanish American waters, but on the high seas; imprisoned their officers, enslaved their crews. Some were mutilated; many died in dungeons.

French naval vessels stealthily made their way to America in ones and twos, carrying troops destined for Canada and the Ohio or Mississippi Valley, till France had a powerful fleet and a splendid body of troops on the American side ready for action. The allies were surrounding the English colonies, threatening them with extinction or conquest. The final fight for North America was in preparation, but only on one side. England still rested, hushed to sleep by Walpole, till the long-continued cry of her outraged merchantmen finally woke her up. Many of these were colonial and the wars that followed were largely for the protection of the colonies and their interests.

England was badly prepared and the War of Jenkins' Ear (1739) was not very glorious; but the nation aroused itself, swept Walpole and his un-English policy away, re-organized the army and navy, finally put Pitt in the saddle and by 1763 was mistress of Canada, mistress of India and at a height of power never attained before.

At this dizzy eminence the British government made a costly mistake. France was stripped of her colonies, of every thing Great Britain could desire, but was still to be a power in Europe. England should have been generous in her hour of triumph and left no stone unturned to secure France's goodwill for the future. This is the spirit shown by Bismarck in 1866 when after the defeat of the Austrians he threatened to commit suicide if the German army humiliated Austria further by entering her capital. But instead of this the British government used the scalping knife upon the fallen foe. They insisted upon the destruction of the fortifications of the French harbor at Dunkirk. Momentarily helpless, France submitted; but from that moment revenge for this gross humiliation became a national passion. And revenge came, swift and sweet, in the form of the independence of the United States, which was mainly the work of France, though all Europe assisted. Had Austria been humiliated to the same extent she no doubt would have taken a sweet revenge by joining France in 1870.

THESE are those who make lofty ideals the motive power of the American Revolution. It was forsooth a war against tyranny, for freedom for the rights of man and the like. Such sentiments save the conscience, make heroes out of successful rebels and good texts for school children. It pleases even John Bull to feel that his great offspring were actuated by such lofty motives and so his histories record. And it is immensely flattering to Uncle Sam, and so his historians agree. But a war policy, like a political platform, is often framed for support. Sordid motives lie hid.

The real cause of the war was the Ohio and Mississippi Valley. The colonies had claimed it against the French and fought for it. In 1763 when the terms of peace were being settled, Franklin had urged the enormous wealth of the interior as a reason for retaining it. He did not claim it for the colonies but argued that fourteen more colonies might be framed out of it. But after the peace the colonies assumed jurisdiction there, issued patents for land, and formed land companies for speculation. Land graft was not unknown even then. The Crown on the other hand took the land under its own jurisdiction, denied the validity of colonial grants, and, later, by the Quebec Act of 1774, placed the cart north of the Ohio within Canadian jurisdiction.

The Americans erected their fighting platform on alleged constitutional rights, particularly taxation. Yet they admitted they ought to bear part of the burden of the war that had protected their interests and still they provided no taxes for the purpose. To enable them to do so the proposed Stamp Act stood over for a year at Franklin's suggestion. Nothing being done, it was passed. An uproar followed and it was repealed. Internal taxation was abandoned. They had admitted the legality of customs taxes. Now they attacked them. England gave way again and removed all taxes except a trifling two pence a pound on tea—a mere token of sovereignty—while the British themselves were paying a tax on tea six times as heavy. Thus Britain not only took all burdens upon herself but gave a preference of ten pence a pound to the colonies on the only article taxed. With heroic gratitude they threw the tea into the water!

The fact is that the Americans were enjoying freedom unknown in England or elsewhere in the world. It was the British, not the Americans, that were suffering from the tyranny of George III. The American contentions were upheld by the greatest British statesmen, and just as the greater tyranny at home was soon swept away, so would have been the lesser tyranny, if any, in the colonies, by constitutional means. But the colonies were too impatient and preferred the horrors of war to two pence on tea. There must have been, and there was, another motive. It was, again I say, the hinterland—the richest spot then known on earth. Let those who say that after the war England should have retained the richest part of this hinterland—the part covered by the Quebec Act—con-

sider what prospect there would have been of permanent peace had she attempted to do so.

England has no one to occupy it, and it was empty. Ontario, that now is, was also empty. The Canadians and the Loyalist emigrants were amply provided for in the land retained north of the Great Lakes. The boundless domain of British North America, now Canada, was over three times as large as the entire territory allotted to the United States, then only reaching the Mississippi. A mere handful of Canadians had reserved for them a hinterland out of all proportion to that of the three millions of people in the new Republic.

IN the peace negotiations, the Americans demanded Canada. They said there never could be lasting peace unless it was also ceded. They were denied. They were conceded a share in the fisheries. They demanded joint rights of occupation of their coasts on the Gulf and the Atlantic for fishing purposes, far higher rights than the French were given on the shores of Newfoundland. Had they been granted, we would long ago have lost the free use of our sea-board. This was vital and was refused. They demanded that the boundary should be a straight line from the St. Lawrence river, near Montreal, to the south end of Lake Nipissing and running north of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. This would have taken Southern Ontario and all the great lakes except Superior entirely out of our hands, and made a transcontinental Dominion impossible. Being vital, it also was denied.

In course of time the exigencies of the Napoleonic wars gave the United States Louisiana, thus doubling their territory, and giving them plenty of space for expansion. They grew more imperialistic as they spread out, and by they claimed our Pacific Coast, now British Columbia. At the same time they carried on a war of aggression—flagrantly unjust—against Mexico and added 850,000 square miles of new territory, including Texas and California, to their already great acquisitions. Mexico had no mother country at her back and was plundered. It is due entirely to the long arm of our Mother Country that we have a foot of Pacific coast to-day. Canadians still living can remember the cry, "Fifty-Four Forty or Fight."

At the time of acknowledging the independence of the United States there were no steamships, no railroads, and emigration had not then reached its modern volumes. While therefore the new nation was not satisfied, it acquired so large an addition to its territory that its people thought they could not fill it for a thousand years. They had therefore their more reasonable national ambition satisfied, at least for the time. This apparent generosity on the part of England is what saved a second war, which as soon as the States had recuperated and grown stronger, would have swept away every foot of British soil west of the Ottawa river, perhaps every foot on the continent. Diplomatic liberality in matters of smaller consequence, and firmness on vital questions, have resulted in a handful of Canadians, occupying an indefensible waste, growing into a vast dominion with every requisite for future greatness.

At the same time England secured to us more acceptable neighbors than reactionary, despotic and military Spain. For it must be remembered that France had induced Spain to join in the war by promising her the valleys of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, and that during the war, Spain, already in possession of the west side and the mouth of the Mississippi, had taken complete military possession of the east side at the south and had penetrated even into Michigan at the north. Not being able to retain the hinterland herself, England gave it to the least objectionable of the contending parties. By one stroke she scotched militarism on this continent laid the foundation for Anglo-Saxon dominance, and made an equitable partition that has given us almost perpetual peace for a century and a quarter.

THIS merest outline can be followed only by another in still more summary form. British policy in general may be summed up:

1. *Unity of the British Isles.*—Wales was once a thorn in England's side. Scotch wars and Scotch alliances with the Continent were long a source of great danger. Ireland lies athwart Britain's communications by sea, and independent or in the hands of a foreign power, would make England unsafe, the Empire impossible. The foreign relations of both islands and their military and



A VIRTUAL POINT.

English Emigration Agent—"Cancel your passage? Why?"

Doubtful Starter—"Chap's just told me that when it's one o'clock here, it's only four in the mornin' over in Canada!"

Emigration Agent—"Well! Well! And what difference does that make to you?"

Doubtful Starter—"Catch me goin' to a place where ye've got to wait all that time for dinner every day!"

—London Bystander.

naval affairs must be under one control. A united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is the base of British power.

2. *Control of the Sea.*—The numerous conquests of England up to 1066 taught all that an enemy must be beaten before he landed, not afterwards. Control of the narrow seas became and remains a matter of life and death. As commerce and colonies extended the control had to be extended, first to the Mediterranean, then to all the seas, so that Great Britain might carry on trade, procure her food and raw material and come to the aid of her world wide family when required.

3. *Balance of Power.*—But control of the sea, depending upon wealth and resources as well as national fitness, could not be maintained against a united and aggressive Europe or Western Europe. So when one ambitious nation has attempted to dominate the whole continent, both philanthropic feeling for the liberties of others and the sense of national danger, have impelled England to make common cause with the threatened peoples. The doctrine of balance developed and, after Napoleon's fall, came to be the recognized international law of Europe. Of late it is exhibited in the dual and triple alliances of Great Britain as umpire. This eminent position, hard won and expensive to maintain, has been justified by results. There has been no general European war since 1815, and several times within even the present generation, great and unjust wars have been averted by the firm stand taken by England.

4. *The League of Peace.*—From Norway around the entire coast, through the Mediterranean and on to Japan. England has now formed a chain of alliances and friendships that make for international stability. Russia joined the circle the other day and now every great power in the Eastern Hemisphere, except Germany, stands, under British leadership, against aggression by any towards any of the others. Pan-Germanism and all other disturbing factors are held in check. Each people has full scope for national development, but not for building on the ruins of others.

5. *America.*—England, by keeping the Holy Alliance from re-subjugating the lost American colonies of Spain, drawing the United States into a declaration of the Monroe Doctrine, and herself enforcing that doctrine while the Republic was too weak to do so, has saved the whole of both continents from being plunged into "the vortex of militarism." A European military power in possession of Mexico would have necessitated a large military establishment in the United States, the most dangerous possible to Canada.

The British Empire is the greatest and most beneficent secular force the world has ever seen. Under British leadership every interest of humanity has advanced in one century more than in many centuries before. But the United Kingdom is full nearly to her capacity and must be surpassed by the other great expanding empires if left to herself. No part of the British Empire is capable of carrying on alone the beneficent work so well begun. Union is the hope of all. In bringing about a closer union, equitable and permanent, Canada will find her greatest mission, as in the Empire she will find her highest destiny. But she should never forget that her possession of the greatest of all the imperial domains is entirely due to the power, foresight and unequalled diplomatic genius of the little country which has been the central meeting place of the greatest migrations of the Aryan stock, the most potent race of mankind.

R. S. NEVILLE.

TORONTO, JAN., '08.

## My Wolves.

THREE gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for me,  
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be,  
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,  
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,  
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,  
Or peers at his prey through the window pane  
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself: "If the wolf be Sin,  
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;  
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,  
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,  
A destiny weaves man's life for him  
As the spider weaves his web for flies,  
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger and Woe,  
A man must fight them, whether or no,  
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,  
To-morrow night I shall be dead;  
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane  
That flit like spectres through my brain;  
And I dream of the times long, long ago,  
When I knew not Sin, and Hunger, and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for me,  
And I have met the three,  
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,  
And one is Misery;  
Three pairs of eyes at the window-pane  
Are burned and branded into my brain  
Like signal lights at sea.

—Francis Gerry Fairchild.

The Sultan of Turkey, who has an official income of about \$4,000,000 a year, has long been depositing his savings with the Bank of France. The same institution is likewise honored with the patronage of King George of Greece and King Leopold. Strange to say, the Czar has preferred to keep his ready cash in the vaults of the Bank of England, where, it is said, he has at his command \$16,000,000 in Russian gold. The gold deposited by these monarchs, unlike other funds which come into the banks, never goes out again into circulation unless it be by express command of the royal depositor. It is locked up like so much coal or powder pending the day that it may be useful.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, who, it is planned, will be the one to place the name of William Jennings Bryan, her father, before the next Democratic convention at Denver, is now a resident of Colorado, a woman suffrage State, and so has rights at the polls and in national conventions that women generally do not possess. The women of the State have started a movement to have her made one of the State's representatives in the convention.

Friedrich Nietzsche, in his latest book, "Beyond Good and Evil," says: The maturity of man—that means, to have reacquired the seriousness that one had as a child at play.

## The Outland Trail

By S. A. White.

T IRED am I of cark and care,  
Of drudge and dole, of bull and boast;  
Upon the outland trail I fare,  
God speed me, comrade—drink the toast!

Bunch-grass and canyon, ridge and ford,  
For terrace trim and gala greens,  
Though one sweet dream at heart be stored  
You know what outland summons means:

The pinto hoofs to time a tune  
Round restive herds fain to stampede  
Beneath a drunken midnight moon,  
Drifting where blackened storm-clouds breed;

A free blood-strain, a heritage  
Of manliness the vastness grants,  
A depth of heart no creed can gauge,  
A thralldom loved, which honor haunts.

Bright, scented shrines of self may burn  
With lure of gold or pomp or post,  
But to the outland trail I turn,  
God speed me, comrade—drink the toast!  
Jan., '08.

## A Who's Who Out West

FEW men have had a more varied career than Mr. John G. Tipton, or as he is better known throughout the West, "Judge" Tipton, of Strathcona, Alta. He has been especially prominent in fraternal circles, and at the convention of the

Knights of Pythias at Brandon last summer, he was elected Grand Trustee for the Domain of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

"Judge" Tipton was born at Fairview, Ill., in 1849, and after a college education read law in the office of the late Colonel Robert Ingersoll, at Peoria, Ill. From there he went to Bloomington, Ill., and was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court in 1874. At



JOHN GADDIS TIPTON.

Bloomington he was nominated for the state attorneyship against Hon. Jos. W. Fifer, since governor.

Mr. Tipton took the Western fever in the seventies, then rising into force in the States, and located at Pottawattomic, Iowa. Afterwards he practiced at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Omaha, Neb. In 1897 he came to Strathcona, homesteaded, developed a coal mine on his property, sold out and moved into the town to live. Here he resumed his law, and he claims the distinction of being the only American lawyer who has ever been admitted to practice in the Canadian courts. Mr. Tipton is of strong individuality, and is known by his friends in all quarters of the West as a man who stands four square to all the winds that blow.

"Apparently it cannot be helped, but it does seem to be a pity.

"Personal relationships are declining. We send our boots to a big manufactory to be repaired, and we know nothing of the person who performs the act for us; we fill up a form and post it, and know nothing of the man who sends us the books we read; we buy our groceries from the big store, and it may be one assistant attends to us, or it may be another, and our names and addresses are put on the dockets, whereas once there was a time when we discussed our particular needs in boots with our own bootmaker, talked delightfully about books to the bookseller or librarian, and admitted the local grocer into the inmost intimacies of our domestic needs." In this way Mr. J. G. Leigh introduces an interesting article in the Liverpool Daily Post, on "The Decline of Personal Relationships." "It is a pity," he says, "for thereby humanness is declining. It takes nine men to make a pin, they say, and no man to-day is a maker of pins. He is a 'roller,' or a 'pointer,' or a 'header,' and the tendency is evident in other and more important features of life. No one can be blamed. The pendulum is swinging far away from the old individualism, both of life and of craft. The question is—Where is it taking us?"

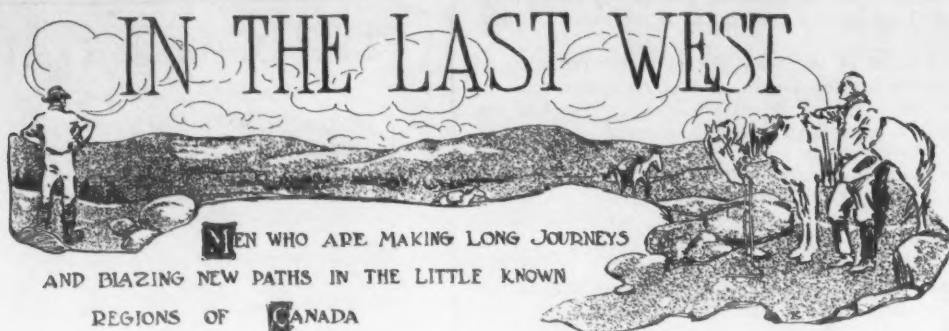
Australia is going to astonish the world with its new issue of stamps. They are to be of such a superlatively artistic character that, according to the departmental board that has been considering the subject, it is estimated that £40,000 worth will be sold to philatelists alone during the first year, and after that the sale to the enthusiasts will average £20,000 per annum. The stamps, which are to be a world-wide advertisement for the commonwealth, are to be printed from steel plates, and their designs will illustrate the characteristic features of Australia.

Dr. Leon Landone of Los Angeles recently gave a dinner to six physicians to celebrate the completion of his fourteen-day cactus food test. During this period Dr. Landone ate almost exclusively spineless cactus. The menu consisted of celery and cactus soup, omelette with chopped cactus and green peppers, fried cactus, salad made of the cactus fruit, lettuce, celery, sherbet flavored with the fruit of the cactus and the juice of the cactus fruit as a drink.

The amount of hard cash that Mr. James Ross turned over by the sale of Dominion Iron and Steel common after the decision of Judge Longley in favor of that corporation, was it appears much larger than was first imagined. As a matter of fact Mr. Ross' profits on the steel amounted to no less than \$200,000, which, everything considered, should keep the wolf from the door for at least a few months to come.

Says Friedrich Nietzsche, the modern philosopher: "If a man has character, he has also his typical experience, which always recurs."





THIS ARTICLE ON NEW YEAR'S IN THE ARCTICS WAS WRITTEN FOR SATURDAY NIGHT BY GEORGE F. CHIPMAN, OF WINNIPEG.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, among the fortunate ones who dwell within the bounds of civilization, is one of the red letter days of the year and the farther removed from the hum of the city the larger the event looms. The imagination can easily go as far as the boundless region drained by the Mackenzie river near the Arctic Circle. Here dwell the Indian tribes who trap the fur-bearing animals and barter the pelts with the Hudson's Bay Company, the greatest fur traders in the world. From long association with the Indians the chief factors and traders of the great pioneer company have come to be regarded by the natives as friends, although removed many degrees by the halo of power which surrounds these officials. In order to keep up the traditions of the company and retain its prestige among the Indians the chief traders become the hosts of large Indian gatherings on New Year's Day. Of course such an invasion would not mean so much in that land where all white neighbors were probably hundreds of miles distant, which is a long trip on foot.

The Indians have begun to think of the New Year festivities long in advance. If they have had a good season among the pelts they come in to the company's post early in November. The Indian first pays for the provisions and clothing that have been advanced to him at the beginning of the season. His next solicitude is to get another advance as large as possible. Then he has some one at the post prepare for him a calendar with the Sundays marked by crosses and a special mark for the great day. By this means the primitive Indian mind can figure out, by pricking off the days, the right moment to start for the post. Possibly if the hunting ground is not very far distant from the fort the Indian may get in for Christmas, but no matter how far away he is, he must get there a week later. By the eve of the New Year the wigwams are all in order outside the fort and all is in readiness for the dawning of the eventful day.

By rising very early and working hard everybody in the trader's house is prepared for the visitors by 9 o'clock. Great ceremony is observed by the host and his family in receiving the Indians, as this greatly pleases the Red man and raises the trader in his estimation, also enabling him to avoid too much familiarity. The first that are received in the fort are the employed servants at the post; these first fire a salute and then go into the messroom where they seat themselves comfortably on the floor in anticipation of the feast. This banquet—which the Indians consider the "time" of their lives—consists of all the strong, sweet, piping hot tea they can drink, and a generous supply of cake, in which are plenty or raisins visible. The look of content which crosses the dark visage as the steaming beverage enters his internals is beyond the power of description and can only be appreciated when seen; the troubles have all passed away and he expects nothing better until his day comes to cross into the Happy Hunting Ground. When his immediate fleshly wants have been satisfied, each Indian is presented with a few pounds of rather strenuous tobacco and some matches. This constitutes the parting gift and with another handshake all round—the Indian is strong on the handshake—the guests depart.

The next callers are the Indian hunters and their families. The first programme is repeated in detail and the fatigue of the trader and his family can be imagined when they have greeted and farewelled such a gathering. With the hunters the amount of tea served must be considerable,

for the capacity of some of the old veterans is nothing short of wonderful. One old Indian carried off the honors by drinking more than half a gallon at the post and nearly a similar amount at the other fort and mission which he visited immediately afterwards.

If it happens that there are two trading posts, of different companies at the same place, and the Indians are in great luck. They never stop until each has been visited and the occupants welcomed in proper style. The entire round of pleasure occupies two hours or more.

The remainder of the day is devoted to football on the ground around the fort. All the males take part in the game, the rules of which have never been compiled by experts. In the course of the afternoon a requisition is presented to the master of the

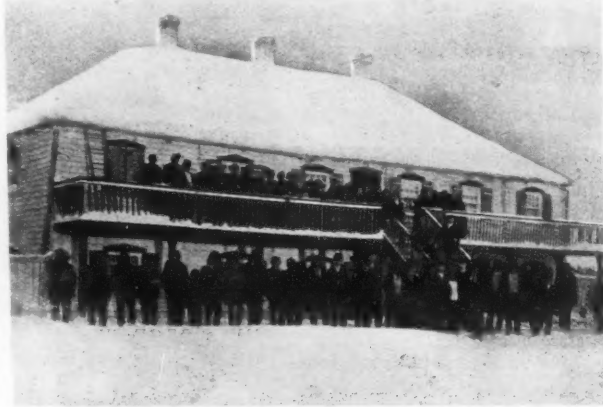
in the messroom is without doubt blood stirring. The Indians, though they must grow old, never show age when in the dance. They are all action and their dance is a sort of concentrated jump, varied by occasional contortions. The round dance of society is a stranger to them. The favorite steps are "Red River jig," "Drops of Brandy," "Reel of Four," and "Double Jig." The dance continues all night with an intermission for tea and cake at midnight. During the dance the children are left in the houses of the servants, that they may not disturb the pleasure of their parents.

As the revelry proceeds inside the fort the dogs of the Indians, which run loose outside, create a pandemonium. They spend the greater part of the time in fighting and with several dozen curs snarling and howling the result is not the most euphonious.

It might be mentioned that all these dogs must be fed by the trader during the visit of the Indians, and it makes a big hole in the supply of frozen fish on hand.

The next morning when the big day is a thing of the past the wigwams are rapidly struck and strapped to the sleds, and with the dogs in harness the Indians and their families betake themselves silently to the woods, and the beaver hunt begins in real earnest.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING AT FORT SIMPSON.



TYPICAL NORTHERN INDIAN TRAPPER.

their waist are the L'Assomption belt. The finishing touch is given by a lavish application of grease to the hair which gives it the appearance of burnished metal. The squaws are resplendent in gaudy dresses with wide washes of varying colors—providing they are gay. Their magnificent toilet is completed by the brand-new neck shawl, for which they have bartered some of their home manufactures.

When really under way the scene

A RECENT issue of the New York Herald contains a lengthy article on what the railroads are doing and what they intend to do for the last great West of Canada. The article refers to the Grand Trunk Pacific as "the largest single enterprise now under way by any railroad interests in America—a new transcontinental highway that will add 3,600 miles to a nation's railway mileage." Some of the largest engineering undertakings in the West are proposed on lines already in operation. The Canadian Pacific has planned an extensive betterment scheme this year, which involves the construction of one of the largest railroad bridges in the world and the reduction of the grade in the Rockies by tunneling. Apparently with the intention of going into every field touched by its rival lines, the Canadian Pacific, first of Canadian transcontinentals, is now, says the Herald, building a new main line northwest from Winnipeg, the logical motive of which is an extension to and across the Rockies to the coast by way of the Yellowhead, the pass first proposed by the Canadian Pacific twenty-eight years ago, but then abandoned in favor of the southern route. For the time has come now when all the railroads must tap the north.

But the Yellowhead is the objective point of two other grades now building across the prairies. The race which the Grand Trunk Pacific won by reaching that point first was with the Canadian Northern railway, which is built and running between the head of the lakes and Edmonton. It is aiming at the coast and has filed plans for a route through the Rockies. At the eastern end of this future system a line from Toronto to Sudbury, in Northern Ontario, is built, and there lacks only the link between that point and Port Arthur to give a third road covering more than half the continent.

More like pioneer farming than engineering is another railroad enterprise that is being undertaken by the Canadian Pacific Railway on Vancouver Island, but its proportions entitle it to a place with the rest. It is the largest land clearing contract in Western America. A track of 150,000 acres of railroad land, which is now forest and stumps and dreary emptiness, is to be cleared and made into farms at the rate of 10,000 a year and at a total cost of \$15,000,000. A stump jerking campaign will be under way for the next fifteen years, and the result will be a new industrial territory on the very edge of the continent. This reclamation enterprise is the second undertaken by the Canadian Pacific, its irrigation

works in Southern Alberta having begun some years ago.

By purchasing and unifying numerous short lines already built and by filling in the gaps with new road of their own, the Hill, or Great Northern, interests are building up a through route from Winnipeg to the coast, connecting along the way with the eleven branch lines with which this far-reaching system already taps the Canadian wheat fields from the south.

A company was incorporated at the last session of Parliament with power to build from Edmonton to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, a distance of 1,000 miles. The Canadian Northern is known to have similar ambitions.

The Manitoba Government, it has been reported, is entertaining plans to finance a road to Hudson Bay from Winnipeg. Surveys have been made for a line from James Bay, the southern inlet of Hudson Bay, to Chicago, chiefly as a fish-carrying road. Out of these numerous projects or out of others that will follow there is pretty sure to materialize, and that soon, a railroad from some part of the settled west to some new port on the northern sea. It is in the talk stage at present, but great railway systems begin in talk.

But the path of the steel is reaching further still. Into the region until just now given over to the fur trapper and the Indians is going the transman, and his going means something doing a few years hence. The Athabasca Railway Company is a new name that will in time be seen on northbound freight cars. A charter has been given for 500 miles of road from Edmonton to Fort Smith, on the Slave river, and the chances are that construction straight into the heart of the northland will not be long delayed.

YET further north, in the upper left hand corner of the continent, is the line of a railway that runs from Skagway, an Alaskan seaport, to Whitehorse, in Canada's Yukon territory. The distance is 110 miles, over which trains have been running regularly since July, 1900, and for two-thirds of that distance the road was the most costly to build in America. The first fifteen miles rise to a height of nearly 3,000 feet, and the construction of a winding, twisting roadbed through the Skagway valley, and along the side of sheer walls of mountain rock, representing engineering that cost millions. There were other problems to overcome. Up in the high places was a good-sized lake that must be crossed, but the railway builder of the north is ingenious, and instead of bridging the lake, well-nigh an impossibility, he cut a new outlet for it, drained it dry and built his road over the clay bed. This is the White Pass and Yukon Railway. It is a narrow gauge, and is operated under the disadvantage of terrific storms in the winter months. But it paid the whole cost of construction in its first year, and three years ago earned \$991,000, of which \$440,000 was profit. Twelve thousand passengers a year are carried, and they pay twenty cents a mile, while freight rates are proportionately high. Its traffic is almost entirely that of miners coming and going between the camps and the outside.

The northernmost railway on the American continent is that running south from Dawson, in the Yukon. It holds another record, too, as probably the most crooked road in America, winding in and out of the mountain gulches after the style of a rail fence, with a curvature approximately in places to 28 degrees and a grade of 3.5 per cent. The Klondike Mines Railway has been in operation for only a year or two, but it has proved so acceptable a substitute for dog trains and pack horses, reducing the freight rates from 40 to 1 1/2 cents a pound, that an extension is planned for the present season. Ultimately it will be extended into and through the new mining country to the south to connect with the White Pass road at White Horse, giving a direct route to the coast, or going north from Edmonton, linking the Yukon directly with the western railway centres. One or the other of these plans will, it is almost certain, be carried into effect in the next few years.

Both the Klondike Mines and the White Pass railways are miners' roads, existing because of and for the sake of the numerous gold mining camps of the Yukon country, but tourist travel is being encouraged, and in the summer months an interesting number of sightseers are doing the far north via the rail.

Diagonally across the northwest, cutting the great new land on the bias, will go a line now under project, whose ambitious purpose is to connect Dawson and Winnipeg.

Another road to the Yukon has filed its plans with the Canadian railway commission, involving a straight

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north route along the coast from Vancouver to Dawson. The surveys through British Columbia territory show immense cutting and tunnels, with heavy bridging. It is altogether likely that when this road is built it will be by or for the Grand Trunk Pacific.

THE Edmonton Bulletin is very strongly of the opinion that the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba should be called the Central West of Canada instead of Western Canada. The Saturday News, of Edmonton, doesn't see why The Bulletin should worry about the latter designation. Says The News: There was reason to object to what are now these provinces being called the Northwest, because the word did not properly describe our situation and led people to associate this country with the Northwest passage, for one thing and to picture us as living amid polar conditions. But why should we find fault with the word "western"? It has always stood for progress and for opportunity. So definite has been the movement of civilization westward since the dawn of human history that the very word is an inspiration. Why then should we try to add the burden of the suggested adjective? "The Canadian West" or "Western Canada" should be enough for anybody.

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**SUMMER IN WINTER.**  
For programme of tour to that "summer Isle of Eden," Bermuda, write F. Withrow, B.A., Toronto.

**Lady Gay's Column**

SIDE by side on the desk lie two paragraphs, cut respectively from an English and a Canadian paper. The first is a chortle over the diminution of crime in Old London, the second the remark of a Canadian magistrate that many of the worst cases brought before him this year are emigrants, and that a particularly vicious wife-beater belongs to that low-class English emigrant species of which so many members are now in Canada. It doesn't sound particularly attractive, the decrease of crime in England and the Canadian magistrate's remark!

When a friendless, broken, despairing wretch attempts to end life's miseries by the suicide route, and fails, the up-to-date procedure is to send such an one to jail for six months. One would fancy the would-be suicide had already his sufficient share of trouble, when ready to give up what we all instinctively cling to—life, but the jail is still possible. If despondency, lack of work, illness and destitution are one or all the reasons the suicide gives for trying to end it all, surely there might be found a better sequel than six months in jail! It looks a hard and cruel way of cheering up an erring or friendless soul, doesn't it? And yet that is the way we treat our own, we who warble hymns about and send help to the heathen. If the hymns were in the heart instead of on the lips, there might be a saner way discovered to do our duty by the man or woman who tries to escape conditions.

And, by the way, what a tremendous lot of carboic acid is finding its way into cupboards and lying in wait on upper shelves for the unwary creature in search of a tonic or a drink. Every day the papers tell of the fatal "mistake" which ends a life more or less to be missed and deplored. It looks as though this virulent liquid were, like the new health-foods, something no family can do without. Anyone may purchase it, if a fairly straight reason is given for its need, anyone might swallow it in error, as it roosts on the open ledge, with the electric oil and the painkiller. The small skull and crossbones on the label, and the modest "Poison, Danger," easily get washed or rubbed off, after which the baby or grandpa gets a scorching dose that puts an end to any uncertainty regarding a further life. Carboic acid is cheap, too, and therefore preferred by thrifty suicides; it seems as if some further precautions regarding its circulation might well be considered.

Of all the feats of construction which I have been permitted to achieve, one will forever stand pre-eminent. It was on a brilliant winter morning that, clad in trim, warm duds and wild with the keen glorious air and the piled up drifts of snow, the little band, of which I was by seniority the leader, sallied forth to make a snow man. His site was selected with wise precaution, for there were apprehensions that were he too prominent a figure in the landscape, he might detract from the stately dignity of the homestead, and be cruelly demolished by our scandalized elders. So we cleared a space for him behind a tall fir tree, and rolled snowballs for his nether extremities in wild delight. To scientifically roll the right shaped snowball for the legs of a snowman is a feat to be learned after many failures. The garden began to look criss-crossed and dishevelled before we had his legs in position and the huge snowball for his body obligingly lifted into shape by some stray good-natured man passer-by. This man loitered to fasten on a suitably sized head, with small red apples for eyes, and told us how to make a corn-crib where we warily sought out the right-sized cob, bawling of a certain captive brown owl, who perched awesomely in the crib, his great eyes veiled from the sun, but liable at any moment to swoop down and bite one's nose off! All morning we toiled at our snowman, varying the labor by falling backwards into certain tempting feathery banks of snow, stamping our outlines therein and watching the vivid deep blue sky. The shafts of golden sunlight, the piled-up fleecy baby clouds sailing into places we longed to explore. When the snowman was finished a certain little person boldly fetched a third best hat, the friendly man cocked it rakishly over one of the red-apple eyes, and I can see that snowman to-day, in his sturdy white wond-

rous completeness, and feel the satisfied joy which marks a deed well done. We don't have such snow and such doings with it any more, but with such a memory must fain be content. But of all our childish playthings, animal, mineral, vegetable, we never had anything so utterly rollicking, darling and fascinating as the snow.

"I like your editorial on the franchise for women. It suits me," writes a leading educationist of the gentler sex. I haven't heard from the other side about it. I fear they've given me up as hopeless long ago. Is it true, however, that women are such born partisans that they would never market their votes? Such a statement has been made, and it sounds true, of certain women, as one knows it true of certain men. There are women, however, whom I could fancy following the formula of the Swede voter, "How mooch?"

LADY GAY.

**Correspondence Column**

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Hedwige.—Craphology has nothing to do with fortune telling, except so far as one's nature and progress must inevitably influence one's position. Your writing is hopeful, reasonable, pleasant and full of energy and impulse. It lacks control and resolution, but Libra is hard to control and does not often fix firmly upon a set purpose. When it does, it triumphs. You are careful of your personal appearance and like to deserve praise. You would probably prefer work of decoration, elegant construction, and dislike anything leading you into unclean, crude or common surroundings. You have a slightly formal turn of mind and studied manner, a clear, sensible, easy and convincing expression, and decided business knack. Ambition to achieve is not marked in your study.

Arundel, No. 1.—June 15 brings you under Gemini, a double air sign, in many things akin to Libra (Hedwige), being of the same element. You are neat, methodical and systematic in your work, which is probably commercial, at all events, connected with business. Your ambition and buoyancy are great, you dislike solitude and are probably bright in conversation. I should never burden you with an important secret, for you'd be sure to let it out. You have schemes, and if you are constant and earnest, you will do well with them. The Gemini mind is very difficult to direct, often being very contrary and unreasonable, wanting at different times quite opposite things.

Kate Connolly.—"February" isn't enough. I must have the precise day. But it would be hard to except anyone with your writing to be precise about anything, or tactful and diplomatic either. You have power, like to use it, and enjoy being at the head of things. You often utter indiscretions, and would be the very person not to "bother much" about yourself. Because it would cost you patience and courage to realize how much control, gentleness and reticence you need. You are generous, careless, talkative, adaptable, cautious and confiding by turns. It is a fine, vital, forceful, bull-in-a-china-shop sort of study. I know a very delightful elocutionist who has a similar one.

Nipper.—I suppose you don't expect me to tell you it is brains? It was pure luck and brains to back it. The place sought the woman, and by no perseverance, but in a breathless rush was the way it was taken. If you will send me six lines, written sanely and not trying to show off, I shall be pleased to give you a delineation. Choose a time when you are not "dead tired" too. It seems to make you wander unduly.

Opal.—October 9 brings you under Libra, there are some others this week which you might peruse. I don't know what particular idiot called October's "a child of woe," but I get it quite often in the studies of women of that month, though never of men. Women dearly love a hoodoo, it seems to me! Your writing is inclined to pessimism, but has tenacity and decided ability, and can be bright and courageous. Adaptability, care for detail, absolute self-respect and splendid generosity, almost amounting to

idealism, toward what you love, a tendency to sentiment and a good sense of humor. One often wonders how such women as you escape matrimony, for you would be such splendid wives to a certain type of men. I only hope if you do have to "go out into the world," one of them will be waiting to grab you, before another year rolls by. Do write me again.

Peg.—For a Sagittarius, you are a bit slow. Wasn't that six lines you wrote "original matter"? Surely you didn't copy it! So, consider the things done, and here's your medicine. Dec. 5 is under Sagittarius, a fire sign, blunt, honest, and capable of great things. You are, beside, rather original and facile in expression, generous in thought, contented with what the gods provide, and probably a pleasant person to abide with. You never domineer, but are fairly practical, and have probably a good many years of life in which to further develop.

Doc.—February 8 brings you under Aquarius, and if your nom de plume is an indication of your profession some of your patients are lucky. The Aquarius people have a great ability to control the demented, and when well developed and spiritualized, they have wonderful hypnotic force in their look—which renders their ability to heal certain cases almost superhuman. Aquarius represents the nerves and emotions, its people are very sensitive and psychologically powerful. You are strong, dominant, and confess yourself a truly procrastinating Aquarius. Its the bane of the sign you are logical, argumentative, variable in impulse, capable of warm affection, with good discrimination and mental and spiritual alertness. Rote study isn't your forte, but you absorb information intuitively. You are not prone to waste time in speculative thought, but may easily through indolence or indifference, not do your fine gifts full justice. If you are restless, carping, and unfair in criticism, or in any way under unfavorable influences in daily life, get free of them, for Aquarius is often ruined by such. Saturn and Uranus are the governing planets of this sign. Aquarius people are very apt in any trade or profession which they seriously take up.

K. C. P.—Another Aquarius, but a remotely different type. This is also full of life, but of a more mercurial and volatile nature. This study is probably a decade younger than that of "Doc." He believes in "having everything of the best, even if it takes hard work to get it, for life is too short to have anything else." Life, my ambitious kid, is eternal, where's your hurry? Your writing looks like catching a train. It shows inspiration and impetuosity, caution toward your fellows, tenacity of opinion, bright mentality, some buoyancy and method. You are longheaded, far sighted and have good constancy and will. I don't see any marked generosity or open-handedness about it.

Brass Bowl.—It is fairly good writing but wretched pale ink. The study shows energy, enthusiasm, speculative thought, imagination, some optimism, light purpose, gift of expression, ambition and a judgment which might easily be biased by prejudice. It is a clever study, somewhat up-in-the-air at times, but full of magnetism.

Charles B.—A safe rule is evening dress after six o'clock p.m. Certainly a white tie.

#### The Cynic.

I SAY it to comfort me over and over, Having a wearisome heart to beguile, Never had woman a tenderer lover— For a little while.

Oh, there never were eyes more eager to read her In her saddest mood or her moments gay; Oh, there never were hands more strong to lead her— For a little way.

There never were tenderer promises given Of love that should guard her the ages through, As great, enduring and steadfast as heaven— For a week or two.

Well, end as it does, I have had it, known it; For this shall I turn me to weep or pray? Nay, rather I laugh that I thought to own it.

For more than a day. —Theodosia Garrison in The Smart Set.

"Life is not all beer and skittles," musingly said the tall-browed, dreamy-eyed person. "No, suh!" promptly replied Colonel Regad. "I care very little for beer, suh; and, as for skittles, whatever they may be, I have nevuh drank any of 'em in my whole life."—Smart Set.

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to watch people pass your house that look neat and natty. If you will ask any one of them how they keep their clothes looking so new and good, they will tell you that

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**W**ILLIAM H. CRANE, under the management of Charles Frohman, will appear at the Princess Theatre throughout next week in George Ade's new comedy, "Father and the Boys." It seems unnecessary to add any word of introduction of Mr. Crane. This actor is recognized as one of the best legitimate comedians on the American stage, and as a man of large and varied experience in his profession. Some forty odd years ago he began his career as a member of the Holman Opera Company, which organization will be pleasantly remembered by many old theatre-goers in this city. There was a time when Mr. Crane was not only well-known here, but was exceedingly popular. If his visits to Toronto have been rare of late years it has been owing to the fact that his popularity in the big cities across the line is such that he is called upon to do probably less travelling each season than most American actors.

Mr. Crane's offering comes from the pen of the author of "The College Widow" and "The County Chairman." Wherever it has been seen it has been exceedingly well liked and heartily commended. Not only is it bright and merry, but back of its merriment there is said to be a story worth while.

Prior to its production Mr. Ade was asked to tell the story of his play. This is what he wrote: "Father and the Boys" is a comedy in four acts. The scenes are laid in New York City and Goldfield, Nevada. Mr. Crane plays Lemuel Morewood, a successful wool-broker, who has a good many rural habits still clinging to him, although he has lived in the city for years. He is what David Harum might have been if he had gone up to the big town in his twentieth year. Lemuel has two sons, both of whom have gone through college and have been taken into the firm. Neither of them is very much interested in father's business affairs. Billy has been bitten by the society microbe. Tommy, having made a great reputation as a college athlete, is in demand as a coach and referee. Neither of the boys shows a disposition to buckle down to business. The old man wants them to marry and has obligingly selected the two girls for them. The boys not only neglect business, but also are backward about fixing it up with the girls. The old man is much worried. His friends, and especially the family lawyer, urge him to establish a closer companionship with the boys by showing an interest in the things that interest them. They nag the old man until he, in desperation, decides to go out and "circulate." When he does start he establishes a rate of speed that is most alarming to the boys and everyone else. At length he picks up and goes west, and the boys believe that he has been lured away by a clever young woman; so they organize a relief expedition and follow him out to Nevada, where the play ends happily for everyone concerned.

The second week of the special engagement of Miss Ida Conquest at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, will be given up to a production of the "Old Heidelberg," one of the comedy successes of the late Richard Mansfield.

The role of "Kathie," in which Miss Conquest will appear, is one in which that talented young actress will have an opportunity to display all her great histrionic ability. It is a role which, while apparently light and simple, requires much delicacy of treatment. The part is not new to Miss Conquest, as she has appeared as co-star with Mansfield in the original production.

The story of the play is simple: Prince Karl Heinrich is studying in cognito at the university, and reciprocates that artless affection best bestowed on him by Kathie, the inn keeper's daughter. He is suddenly recalled to his father's court, and the next scene shows him at Karlsruhe, moody and abstracted and thinking of Kathie. An old servant, who was with him at Heidelberg, pays his respects, and in response to the prince's queries, says that everything is the same at Heidelberg, except that "Kathie cries a good deal."

The prince decides to pay Kathie one last visit before marrying the princess who had been selected for him. He returns to Heidelberg, and finds everything changed. The students, formerly jolly and care-free

when he was with them, have become stiff and formal.

He finds Kathie, and then ensues the most pathetic scene of the play. "I know you won't come back this time," says Kathie, and they part to meet no more.

The house is already completely sold out for Monday, and on Friday evening His Excellency Earl Grey and suite, the Hon. Mr. Lemieux, and the Hon. Speaker Sutherland will be present. Matinees will be given on Thursday and Saturday.

For the week commencing January 20 the bill at Shea's Theatre will be headed by "The Pianophiends," one of the prettiest musical acts in vaudeville. May Tully in "Stop, Look and Listen"; dainty Emma Francis, with her "Arabian Whirlwinds"; Willie Pantzer and troupe, Gillett's dogs and monkeys, Edith Helena, Matthews & Ashley, and the Kinetograph complete the bill.

Of the many burlesque organizations now touring the country there is none which has met with greater success than the Trocadero Bur-



**William H. Crane**  
The well-known comedian who comes to the Princess Theatre next week in "Father and the Boys."

lesquers, which will be the attraction at the Gayety Theatre next week. This attraction will probably keep the house crowded during its engagement.

Few musical comedies better than "The Little Cherub" come our way. It is the week's attraction at the Princess Theatre, and is furnishing genuine amusement and entertainment to many theatre-goers, even the much-jaded ones. The music is tuneful. The songs—and there are plenty of them—are unusually good; at all events they are so attractively sung, with such a plenitude of new and effective "business," that they strike one as being remarkably bright and diverting. Miss Hattie Williams has a method of her own in filling light comedy roles, and she takes her part in "The Little Cherub" so quietly that it slightly bores her; but her work is very effective and the favor with which it meets is not to be mistaken. Her song, "Experience,"—the hit of the piece—is about as pleasing as anything to be looked for in musical comedy. James Blakeley is the chief fun-maker, and he is a good one, easy, spontaneous, and with copious resources for facial comedy, as it were. His song about "Little Willie Browne," who goes fishing, is an excellent piece of funning with the face. Others in the company sing and dance and perform their turns very pleasingly. The chorus is composed of an unusually nice-looking lot of sprightly young girls who sing well and perform their evolutions very gracefully. The piece is staged as well as Frohman can do it, and he knows the art if anyone does. Altogether, "The Little Cherub" is a rare performance of its kind, and as such it deserves ungrudging praise.

It is rather surprising that "The Three of Us," in which Miss Carlotta Nilsson appeared during the latter half of last week at the Princess, fell so flat. The audiences were small, and—at least on the night I saw the play—reminded one of an audience at a side-line entertainment. They "laughed in the wrong place" continually. And in this connection it is rather interesting to note that when, at the Gayety Theatre this week, a young woman recited a touch-

ing poem on the beauties of home, sweet home, and when the august John L. Sullivan recited another on the virtues of woman, nobody laughed. "The Three of Us" is not an important play, perhaps, but it is a very agreeable one. Its dialogue is easy and natural, for the most part, and the drama is full of human interest.

Miss Ida Conquest is making a conquest of the patrons of the Royal Alexandra. She is doing exceedingly good work this week in the Clyde Fitch drama, "The Girl with the Green Eyes," and the play is being received with marked approval.

Week after next Lillian Russell will appear at the Princess Theatre in "Wildfire," the racing comedy, written by George Broadhurst and George V. Hobart. The former wrote "The Man of the Hour," "The Lady from Lanes," "The Wrong Mr. Wright," "Why Smith Left Home" and several other domestic comedies. Mr. Hobart is known best as the author of the "Dinklespell" and the "John Henry" sketches, although he has written the books for several light operas and sketches for the vaudeville stage.

In "Wildfire" Miss Russell plays the role of a young widow, Mrs. Barrington. She is the owner of a racing stable, which she races with the help of her trainer, under the name of John Duffy. Mrs. Barrington must keep the ownership of the stable a secret as her younger sister is engaged to marry the son of a race track reformer, who would break up the match if he learned Mrs. Barrington owned a stable. The widow wishes to sell her horses and retire. She has staked everything on one race with "Wildfire" running. A crooked bookmaker by the name of John Duffy, takes advantage of the similarity of names and the mystery which surrounds the ownership of the stable to throw the jockey to throw the race unless he sees the signal of a white handkerchief being waved from the window of the trainer's quarters. If he spies the handkerchief as he rides into the stretch he is to win. A stable boy tells the widow of the plot. She fools Duffy by allowing him to make love to her as she gives the signal to win.

Two men are in love with the widow. One is a lover of horses and the other an automobile enthusiast. Mrs. Barrington loves the horseman, but thinking he was in the scheme to throw the race she refuses to meet him and accepts his rival. Before it is too late the situation is cleared. The members of Miss Russell's company are: Herbert Cortell, Will Archie, Owen Westford, Morgan Wallace, Gilbert Douglas, Charles Arthur, Boyd Putnam, Frank Andrews, Genevieve Cliff, Rosalie De Vaux and Annie Buckley.

Roselle Knott has executed a five-year contract with the International Amalgamated Amusement Company, of New York, of which her husband, Ernest Shipman, formerly of Toronto, is president and general manager. It will interest many theatre-goers who admire her acting to learn that Roselle Knott will return to the stage



**Margaret Dale**  
Leading woman with William H. Crane in "Father and the Boys," appearing at the Princess next week.

in March of this year, and that Canada is included in her itinerary. A new company, to be known as the International Amalgamated Amusement Company, with a capitalization of \$100,000, was given its charter at

Albany, N. Y., on January 10, and Miss Knott, who will continue to be known by her professional name, has in company with other leading stars, signed a five-year contract with this company, and will make her initial bow under the new management on March 15 at Rochester, N. Y. Among those enrolled under the new management are Mary Shaw, Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, and Laura Burt and Henry Stanford.

Channing Pollock, in The Smart Set for February, suggests an effective way of filling the theatres. He says: It is an interesting fact that fairly good plays no longer have a chance in New York; a production is a big hit or it is a fiasco. There is not an inch of middle ground, and the reason for this seemingly curious lack is not far to seek. Men buy poor clothes as well as good clothes because the poor ones are cheaper, but if all suits cost the same amount each man would try to make certain that he got the very best. Orchestra chairs are sold at an unvarying rate, whatever the grade of entertainment to be witnessed from them, and the consequence is that tickets for everything but great successes go a-begging. This condition will obtain until managers are willing to cut prices after unlucky first nights. Fanciful as such a scheme must appear, it may not be long before Broadway billboards bear announcements something like the following:

"Bargain Sale!! Our February offering. Orchestra seats for 'The Big Question.' Reduced from \$2.00 to \$1.68. Come early and avoid the rush!"

Early in February, and just before she sails for Australia, Miss Margaret Anglin, heading her own company, will appear in a dramatization of Margaret Deland's novel "The Awakening of Helena Richie."

Arthur Pinero's flat, which faces Hanover Square, is said to be the most magnificent place of its kind in London.

John Drew is collecting material for a history of the Drew family and its century on the American stage.

Ellen Terry, who is telling the story of her life, in M. A. P., of London, gives this as her opinion of criticism:

"Are you affected by adverse criticism? I was asked once, I answered, then, and I answer now, that legitimate adverse criticism has always been of use to me, if only because it 'gave me to think'—furiously. Sel-dom does the outsider, however talented as a writer and observer, recognize the actor's art, and often we are told that we are acting best when we are showing the works most plainly, and denied any special virtue when we are concealing our method. Professional criticism is most helpful, chiefly because it induces one to criticize oneself. 'Did I give that impression to anyone? Then there must have been something wrong somewhere.' The 'something' is often a perfectly different blemish from that to which the critic drew attention. Unprofessional criticism is often more helpful still, but, alas! one's friends are to one's faults more than a little blind and to one's virtues very kind. It is through letters from people quite unknown to me that I have sometimes learned valuable lessons. During the run of 'Romeo and Juliet' someone wrote and told me that if the dialogue at the ball could be taken in a lighter and quicker way it would better express the manner of a girl of Juliet's age. The same unknown critic pointed out that I was too slow and studied in the balcony scene. She—I think it was a woman—was perfectly right."

Catherine Proctor, formerly of Toronto, is the leading woman in Paul Armstrong's new play, "Society, and the Bulldog," which will be given its first production January 18, at Daly's Theatre, New York. The cast will include William Farnum, Elita Proctor, Otis, William Mack, and Alfred Hickman James Findlay.

A tree-planting revival is in progress in Southern Indiana, where many farmers are utilizing waste tracts of land for the growing of such trees as black locusts, hardy catalpas, and other fast-growing varieties. The immediate cause of this movement is the scarcity of timber for fence-posts. It is said that land which can be bought at from six to ten dollars an acre will yield a good crop of locusts in about ten or twelve years, the product of which is estimated to be worth from \$250 to \$800 an acre. The forest service of the United States Government is encouraging the movement in accordance with its general policy.

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MR. MACKAY as THE CROWN PRINCE

Special—A large Chorus of Trained Vocalists in German Melodies

FOR SEATS PHONE MAIN 3000, 3001

## PRINCESS

ONE WEEK... JAN. 20

Wednesday—MATINEES—Saturday

SEASON'S BIGGEST HIT

"Ade's Best Play"—Chicago News

"Crane's Best Part"—Chicago Journal

Charles Frohman Presents

WM. H.

## CRANE

In the New Comedy by George Ade

## FATHER AND THE BOYS

A Song for January.

'Twas Joy that laid the passing year,  
'Tis Joy that speeds the new;  
All joy that I have known, my dear,  
Hath been and is in you.

All peace and hope of peace, my dear,  
Forever lives in you.

Like Janus, who with faces twain  
Kept watch in ancient Rome,  
My love shall front old days again  
And days that are to come.

So, in this month of Janus, here  
Where merge the old and new,  
How'er my joy may turn, my dear,  
It must envisage you.

Its past may count but twenty suns.  
Its future reacheth far;  
Beyond the edge of time it runs,  
Beyond the utmost star.

'Twas Joy that laid the passing year,  
'Tis Joy that speeds the new;  
All joy that I have known, my dear,  
Hath been and is in you.

All peace and hope of peace, my dear,  
Forever lives in you.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

U. S. Vice-President Fairbanks does not smoke or use tobacco in any form. He does not care for it, and relates a boyhood experience as his reason for disliking tobacco.

"At the time," he tells his friends, "when there were a lot of little chaps attending a country school, of whom I was one, the most common way of using tobacco was in a pipe or to chew it. A cigar was a sign of affluence infrequently affected by the inhabitants of that community."

"One day a young man came to see our teacher, who was a young woman, and he wore in his face a long black cigar, that meant he had much money in his pocket; was president of a bank, or something equally important. When he came in he left that cigar on the outside, carefully put away on a window ledge. Some

spirit of devilry or perverseness induced me to filch that cigar, and I divided it up in pieces among my companions. Each of us took a bite, and in about five minutes all of us were wildly groping about for something to hold on to so we would not fall off the earth. That's the way we felt, and that experience made me so sick I have never been tempted to repeat it."—Washington Herald.

A party of American tourists who were comfortably established in a hotel in Germany discovered a new contribution to "English as she spoke," only this time they found it in the written word. The building had been recently wired for electricity and under the bulbs in each room directions were posted in French, German and English. The French was irreproachable, the German nearly so. The English read as follows:

"To open and shut the lightning electrical on, is requested to turn to the right hand. On going to bed it must be closed. Otherwise the lightning must be paid."—Boston Herald.

"In writing up the burglary," said the excited caller, "you can say that the thieves in their hurry overlooked \$750 worth of jewelry and solid silver plate in one of the cupboards."

"Might that not bring the burglars to your house a second time?" suggested the editor. "I don't care if it does," exclaimed the other. "I don't want the public to get the impression that a gang of robbers can go through my house and only find \$25 worth of stuff worth stealing."

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Harold—What's your favorite wild game? Helen—Oh, football, by all means.—Illustrated Bits.

## SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinees Daily, 25c  
Week of Jan. 20  
Evenings 25c and 50c

Lasky's Swagger Musical Novelty

## THE PIANOPHIENDS

"The Spirit of Music"

Dainty Girls and Clever Boys

MAY TULLY & CO.

In "Stop, Look and Listen"

EDITH HELENA

Phenomenal Vocalist

## WILLIE PANTZER AND TROUPE

The Best Comedy Acrobats of the Season

EMMA FRANCIS

And Her Whirlwind Arabs

MATTHEWS & ASHLEY

"Smash-up in Chinatown"

THE KINETOGRAPH

New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction

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A Treat for the Youngsters

High Class Burlesque and Advanced Vaudeville

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

Commencing Monday Matinee, Jan. 20

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Beautiful Women, Radiant Attire

The Cream of the Vaudeville World.

TUESDAY—LIMERICK NIGHT  
FRIDAY—AMATEUR NIGHT  
DAILY MATINEES—LADIES 10c.  
MATINEE PRICES—10c.—25c.—50c.—75c.  
NIGHT PRICES—10c.—25c.—50c.—75c.

Smoking Prohibited Friday Matinee and in the Balcony Friday Night.

January 27—Casino Girls

## Toronto Conservatory of Music

(MUSIC HALL)

Wednesday, January 22 at 8.30 sharp.

LE TOUR DE FRANCE

Illustrated lecture in French, by

Pro. G. Guy de Lestard

Director of the Berlitz School of Languages.

The lecture will be illustrated by more than 80 views, of which 30 have never been exhibited in Toronto.

Tickets (50 cents) may be secured at Andrew Jeffrey's Drug Store, Corner of Yonge and Carlton Sts., or at the Berlitz School of Languages, Toronto Conservatory of Music. (Phone M. 3000.)

One cannot praise Mr. de Lestard too much for his very exceptional talent and precision in lecturing. Mr. de Lestard has a perfect diction and speaks with a natural ease which is really charming.

La Patrie (Montreal)  
Une charmante soirée  
Le Succès de M. de Lestard a été immense.  
La Presse (Montreal)

Mr. de Lestard fascinates his audience by a wonderful diction which is a delight for everybody, even those having only a slight knowledge of French.  
Buffalo Enquirer.



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 12 and 14 Pembroke St.  
 F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc. (Tor.)  
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**MID-WINTER EXAMINATIONS:**  
 February 17th to 22nd.  
 Applications received until Feb. 1st.  
 Send for Syllabus and Application Forms.

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 Has returned from Germany, will resume  
 teaching. Pupil of Hermann Scholz,  
 Kammer Virtuoso to the King of Saxony.  
 Mr. H. M. Field, Dresden.  
 99 W. Lacey St. Phone North 586

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**Pianist**  
 Open for engagements for Evening  
 Parties, At Homes, etc.

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**JAMIESON**  
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 Studio—97 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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**METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH**  
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 Beginning July 1st, 1908. For particulars  
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 (The only person in Eastern Canada author-  
 ized to give the Fletcher Course.)

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**STUDIO:**  
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**Scenes from Grand Operas**  
**AUGUST WILHELMJ, Director**  
**MARGARET EATON SCHOOL**  
**NORTH STREET**  
**Jan. 24 and 25, at 8 o'clock**  
**"Faust"**  
**"Martha"**  
**"Stradella"**  
**"Hansel and Gretel"**  
**"The Flying Dutchman"**  
 Subscription list at Gerhard Heintzman's,  
 98 Yonge St.

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 and Miscellaneous Program  
**Toronto Oratorio Society**  
**J. M. S. HILLOCK, Conductor**  
**Toronto Conservatory of Music**  
**Orchestra**  
**F. S. WELSMAN, Conductor**  
**MASSEY HALL, Thursday, 30th Jan.**  
 Prices \$1.00 and 50c.

**Three Months Abroad**  
 with a party of eight sailing for the Mediter-  
 ranean the second week in April, and return-  
 ing via Liverpool and Montreal. References  
 required and given. For particulars address  
 Box No. 146, Toronto Saturday Night.

When in Rome have the courage to  
 do as you do at home.—Saturday Ev-  
 ening Post.



**M**R. WHEELDON has about completed the re-organiza-  
 tion of the Metropolitan  
 church choir. At the  
 first concert of the new  
 choir, on Thursday evening of last  
 week, they gave a most creditable  
 account of themselves, showing the  
 results of careful training in their  
 efficiency, balance of ensemble, and  
 quality of tone. Numbers that were  
 specially well rendered and which af-  
 forded a test of the qualities of the  
 singers were: Coleridge-Taylor's "Te  
 Deum," Barnby's motette "King, all  
 Glorious," and Gounod's anthem, "No  
 Night Shall be There." The solos  
 were finely interpreted by Mr. Shaw,  
 tenor, and Mr. Barton, bass. A well  
 graduated crescendo and a delight-  
 fully subdued pianissimo were notice-  
 able effects during the evening. Mr.  
 Wheeldon, in his selection of organ  
 pieces, proved himself to be an ac-  
 complished master of his instrument.  
 With clear technique and judicious  
 and tasteful registration Mr. Wheel-  
 don gave distinction to all his solos.  
 Particularly worthy of mention in this  
 regard were: Best's "Christmas Fan-  
 tasy," his own "Cantique du Soir," and  
 the finale to Dvorak's "New World"  
 symphony. Miss Bertha Crawford  
 sang Costa's "I Will Extol Thee" in  
 excellent voice and with appropriate  
 expression.

All that can be said of the musical  
 comedy, "The Little Cherub," the  
 week's attraction at the Princess  
 Theatre, is that it is beautifully  
 mounted and employs a large corps  
 of chorus girls and supernumeraries.  
 The star, Miss Hattie Williams, is a  
 vivacious actress and singer, but has  
 little to do in the real music line. The  
 score is bald and thin, the tunes are  
 of the most ordinary character and as  
 for the orchestration, although there  
 is an augmented orchestra, it con-  
 tained nothing which could not be  
 done justice to with the regular band  
 of nine members. There were horns  
 and an oboe, but nothing apparently  
 in the score to reveal the beautiful  
 tones of these instruments. Ivan  
 Caryll, who seems to write the music  
 for about five comedies a year, is  
 responsible for the setting—some-  
 thing of which he has not the slight-  
 est reason to be proud.

Mr. M. M. Stevenson, late organist  
 and choirmaster of Manofield Parish  
 church, Aberdeen, Scotland, has been  
 unanimously appointed organist and  
 choirmaster of Bloor street Baptist  
 church, Toronto, in succession to Mr.  
 W. F. Pickard.

An interesting story of a Beethoven  
 MS. is told in a letter to The London  
 Times, by Edward Speyer. In the  
 spring of 1821 Beethoven had, as was  
 his wont, removed with all his goods  
 and chattels into the country, this  
 time to the village of Dobling, where,  
 after settling down and upon examin-  
 ing his papers, he found to his con-  
 sternation that the "Kyrie" of his  
 Missa Solemnis, as yet existing in  
 manuscript only, was missing. After  
 a search of several days it was found  
 that the housekeeper, attracted by the  
 large size of the sheets of paper to  
 which the score of the "Kyrie" had  
 been committed, had used the whole  
 of these for wrapping up boots, shoes  
 and kitchen utensils. Fortunately  
 they could still be rescued, though in  
 a damaged condition. Now, in relat-  
 ing how, three years later, in 1824, he  
 had become the fortunate owner of  
 the autograph score of the Ninth  
 Symphony, Schindler naively explains  
 that, after having one day reminded  
 Beethoven of the incident with the  
 "Kyrie" of the Mass, and expressed  
 his fear that a similar fate might  
 befall the score of the symphony, he  
 asked Beethoven to entrust the latter  
 to him, and make him a present of it  
 —a wish, he adds, that was all the  
 more readily granted, as Beethoven  
 valued no higher than waste paper  
 this or any other autograph of a work  
 of his, once such work had been pub-  
 lished.

Miss E. Pearl Brock has resigned  
 her position as contralto soloist at the  
 Metropolitan church.

The New Westminster, B.C., Col-  
 umbian says: One of the finest con-  
 certs ever held on the Pacific coast  
 was given by the Dickenson Concert  
 Company last night. Miss Dicken-  
 son's opening guitar solo, with its  
 rhythmic swing slides and harmonies,  
 showed she was mistress of the in-  
 strument. Her first vocal solo, a  
 vivacious Japanese song, suited her  
 admirably. Her voice itself is very  
 pleasing, but it is her manner, her  
 naivete, her sparkling dark eyes, and

her daintiness that most charm her  
 listeners. The Advocate, Vancouver,  
 B. C., says: Miss Mae Dickenson  
 possesses a fine voice of much power  
 and sweetness, and her guitar playing  
 was entrancing. She is one of the  
 cleverest entertainers of Eastern  
 Canada.

The Berlin correspondent of the  
 Musical Leader and Concert-Goer  
 writes: "It is a curious fact that, al-  
 though Richard Strauss is the man  
 of the hour in the musical world, and  
 that Berlin is the home of this musi-  
 cal hero, but comparatively little of  
 his music (with the notable excep-  
 tion of his "Salome") is heard in this  
 city." His "Sinfonia Domestica" has  
 so far had only two performances in  
 Berlin: the correspondent finds it, as  
 many others have found it, "divert-  
 ing at a first hearing and distinctly  
 tiresome at a second." "One point,"  
 the writer continues, "has never been  
 quite clear to me, and that is why  
 one small family, consisting of a  
 father, mother and child, should be  
 awakened by a noise as if every dy-  
 namite bomb that had ever been laid  
 for the Czar of all the Russias had  
 suddenly exploded—this to be follow-  
 ed by a concatenation of cacophonies  
 suggesting the simultaneous awaken-  
 ing of several zoological gardens."

Readers of the Vienna Zeit got as  
 a Christmas gift an interesting con-  
 tribution to the story of Beethoven's  
 life by his own hand, in the form of  
 a memorandum drawn up by the com-  
 poser in February, 1820, as a basis  
 for an application that the Court of  
 Appeals should reappoint him guard-  
 ian of his nephew instead of his sis-  
 ter-in-law, Frau Johanna Beethoven.  
 It is written throughout in Beetho-  
 ven's hand, and throws considerable  
 light upon his mental constitution. It  
 shows him to have been a high-  
 minded, true-hearted man, honestly  
 anxious that his brother's son should  
 be rightly educated and well trained,  
 but hampered by a pedantic irascibil-  
 ity and a sense of his own goodness  
 that must have been intensely irri-  
 tating to those with whom he had to  
 deal, and must have facilitated the  
 constant intrigues of the mother to  
 retain control of her son. The por-  
 trait which Beethoven draws of his  
 sister-in-law is that of a slanderous,  
 treacherous, malicious, libidinous  
 shrew. He defends himself against  
 the suspicion of rancor towards her,  
 and says: "Let no one believe that I  
 am, as she says, moved by a spirit of  
 revenge or private hatred against  
 her. It is painful for me to have to  
 speak of her, and were it not for  
 my nephew, I would neither think of  
 her nor talk of her nor act against  
 her." The memorandum gives an  
 exact account of the money spent  
 upon the education of the nephew,  
 for whom Beethoven provided entire-  
 ly and in whose favor he also de-  
 posited 4,000 florins in the National  
 bank. The composer must have  
 spent fully \$500 a year on the nephe-  
 wew out of his slender resources, in  
 the hope, as he repeatedly declares,  
 of saving the boy's soul and of develop-  
 ing his great musical abilities. The  
 meagre success of these efforts in-  
 duced regret that he struggled so long  
 against opponents who were vastly  
 superior to him in the arts of in-  
 trigue and chicanery.

In view of the promised visit of  
 the Shmeid Choir under the famous  
 conductor, Dr. Coward, to Canada  
 next autumn, the comments of the  
 Birmingham Daily Post on the sing-  
 ing of the choir at Birmingham re-  
 cently will be of interest. Dr. Cow-  
 ard chose as the work with which to  
 introduce the choir to Birmingham  
 "The Elijah," a choice which proved  
 disappointing to many lovers of  
 choral music in that city, who had  
 hoped that a modern work had been  
 chosen, like the "Dream of Gerontius"  
 or the Brahms "Requiem" or  
 some similarly more exacting choral  
 work than the "Elijah" in which the  
 more sensitive and subtle choral writ-  
 ing would have proven a greater test  
 of the real virtue of the Sheffield  
 chorister's work. The Birmingham  
 Daily Post comments are on the  
 whole enthusiastically favorable con-  
 cerning the singing of Dr. Coward's  
 singers, but attention is drawn to  
 some points of weakness which have  
 been touched upon by the London  
 critics in their comments on the  
 Sheffield Choir. The Daily Post says:  
 "The defects of the Choir are not  
 serious and are of course hugely  
 overbalanced by their merits; but  
 they are sufficient to spoil some of  
 their work. The Choir frequently  
 overdoes the matter of accent in a

desire to define the rhythm as Dr.  
 Coward insists. They so exaggerate  
 the accent that the rhythm is not de-  
 fined but lost, the phrase being sung  
 so jerkily that it has the gait of a  
 man with a club-foot. There is the  
 same tendency to exaggerate when-  
 ever a word occurs that has some  
 poetic or dramatic significance. The  
 Choir shoots at it as if it were out  
 of a pop-gun. The effect is never  
 pleasant and frequently when one  
 set of voices takes up the same  
 phrase and forces this or that word  
 in it out of the picture in a kind of  
 mechanical imitation of the voices  
 that went before the effect borders  
 on the grotesque.

"But the great bulk of the work of  
 the Choir was excellent. The voices  
 are both fine in themselves and fin-  
 ely blended; their fortissimo is mag-  
 nificent, while their pianissimo has at  
 once softness and strength and color  
 in it. The general technique of the  
 Choir is excellent, though there were  
 one or two slight slips owing to over-  
 anxiety to make a prompt and effec-  
 tive entry. One may just reiterate  
 the wish to hear them in some more  
 modern and exacting work than the  
 'Elijah,' should they give us the  
 pleasure of another visit."

The Conservatory Symphony Or-  
 chestra has been engaged by the To-  
 ronto Oratorio Society for the pro-  
 duction of Joan of Arc in Massey  
 Hall, on Thursday, 30th instant. This  
 concert will be an important event of  
 Toronto's musical season, as it marks  
 the first appearance of this city's  
 really fine orchestra in conjunction  
 with a choral society. With the  
 symphony orchestra, highest class  
 soloists, and an exceptionally well-  
 drilled chorus all united in the pro-  
 duction of as beautiful a work as Joan  
 of Arc, the concert will undoubtedly  
 be one which will excite more than  
 passing interest in the musical world.

Miss Vivian Yearsley, a highly  
 talented pupil of Mrs. Mildred  
 Walker, sang recently in Fort Hoop,  
 receiving the following flattering com-  
 ment from the Evening Guide, of that  
 place: "Miss Yearsley should have  
 great success in the future. Her  
 voice is a high soprano, of unusual  
 purity and power, and her style in  
 singing remarkably finished for so  
 young a singer."

Miss Lillie Marion Shannon, of  
 this city, has been appointed soprano  
 soloist of the Parkdale Presbyterian  
 church, of which Mr. W. H. Dingle  
 is organist and musical director. Miss  
 Shannon is a pupil of Miss Nora  
 Hilary.

The eighteenth biennial May Music  
 Festival will be held in Music Hall,  
 Cincinnati, May 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1908.  
 Four evening and two afternoon con-  
 certs will be given. The principal  
 choral works are: Bach, St. Matthew  
 Passion; Grieg, Olaf Trygvasson;  
 Haydn, The Seasons; Piere, The  
 Children's Crusade. The soloists thus  
 far engaged are: Johanna Gadske  
 and Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey,  
 sopranos; Mme. Schumann-Heink  
 and Miss Janet Spencer, con-  
 traltos; Daniel Beddoe and Edward  
 Johnson, tenors; and Dalton Baker,  
 of London, bass. The festival forces  
 consist of a chorus of 500; children's  
 chorus from the public schools of Cin-  
 cinnati, numbering 700; the Theodore  
 Thomas Orchestra of 100. Mr. Frank  
 Van der Stucken is the festival con-  
 ductor, and the associate conductor  
 is Frederick Stock. The price of  
 season tickets, including reserved  
 seats for the six concerts, will be \$15,  
 and, as in former years, the choice of  
 seats will be sold to season subscrib-  
 ers on April 21 and 22. A circular  
 containing complete programme and  
 all details of the festival will be  
 issued about April 1. The Cincin-  
 nati May Festival Chorus of 1906  
 was brought to the highest point of  
 efficiency by Mr. Van der Stucken,  
 who personally rehearsed it. During  
 seven months last season this chorus  
 was rehearsed constantly and im-  
 proved in quality, and thus far this season  
 has rehearsed two or three times  
 weekly under Mr. Van der Stucken  
 personally. The great success of the  
 children's chorus at the 1906 May  
 Festival led to the choice of Piere's  
 beautiful work, "The Children's  
 Crusade," in which an even larger  
 chorus will be heard at the next  
 festival.

The Margaret Eaton School of  
 Literature and Expression are to be  
 congratulated on the very fine course  
 of lecture-recitals now in progress.  
 The one by Captain Scott-Harden  
 last Thursday was one of the most  
 interesting. Next Thursday, the 23rd,  
 Katharine Hale gives her lecture on  
 Canadian literature. With Dr. Rich-  
 ard Burton on Saturday, February 1,  
 and Mrs. Scott Raff's recital on Feb-  
 ruary 6, this very interesting series  
 will close.

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 Edw. d. Fisher, Mus. Doc.,  
 Musical Director.  
**EXAMINATIONS**  
 Jan. 30th, 31st and Feb. 1st.  
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 OPENS FEBRUARY 3rd.  
 SEND FOR  
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 Special Calendar.

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**RECHAB TANDY, Concert**  
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 Late of Toronto Conservatory of Music.  
 The Voice from production to ex-  
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**"When We're Together"**  
 By Emerson James, pupil of Charles  
 Gounod  
 When we're together, life is so dear,  
 It is such gladness, having you near,  
 Bright is the day, love, blue is the sky,  
 When we are together, just you and I.  
 All Music Dealers, or Mailed, 40c.  
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 Alexandra Theatre

**MR. E. W. SCHUCH**  
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**TEACHER OF PIANO**  
 Pupil of HERMANN SCHOLTA, Kammer Vir-  
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## OTHER POINTS OF VIEW

It seems a queer thing, on first thought, that the multitudes are always for the under-dog. At a tennis tournament the cheers are for the loser when he pulls up his score a bit, and for him are the sighs and the feminine "Too bad!" when he makes a good try which fails. "Why are you always on the side of the under-dog?" asked the man who wondered about such things of the girl who turned her head away and wouldn't look because the game was being lost.

"The under-dogs are always so appealing and—so nice," she said, and then, smiling, "I'm an under-dog myself." That was just it.

The common feeling for under-dogs is not so much pity as it is affection, tenderness—they warm the cockles of the heart; one likes to have them around. And this (says a writer in The Atlantic Monthly) is because we are most of us under-dogs ourselves, in the depths of us, and we feel for each other the sympathy which comes from resemblance, the attraction of like for like.

Under-doggism does not arise wholly from condition (you find under-dogs in the very seats of the mighty) but from a winsome quality of mind which is inherent. You may know the under-dog by a certain negative attitude, an absence of assertion, a denial of superiority, a smiling air of seeing the humor of the situation, a droll hint of a wink at his own discomfiture. Some of them, it is true, do make the mistake of trying to be something else; they put on an imposing front, and in a momentary flood of favor and fortune pose as dogs rampant. Yet, even in that lofty attitude, the tail may be observed between the legs.

Decidedly (if one may be allowed a bit of under-doggism) one likes best the under-dog who knows what he is, and who accepts his humble but comfortable lot with complacency, even with relish and gusto. The young woman who dispenses with society columns and suitors and with a droll little smile confesses that she didn't "make a go of it," but who is, nevertheless, a most enchanting under-dog; the young author whose life-work is certainly not of the Six Best Sellers, and who makes pleasant little jokes about returned manuscripts; the little girl at a piano recital who has to go on and on tearfully repeating her "piece" because she has forgotten the end of it; young men and maidens disappointed in their loves; small round boys who can't do their sums; little forlorn, abandoned cats; Cinderellas—what is the universal appeal of these, wherein lies their dear power to claim affection and stir emotion, but in their under-doggism?

Contrast with these beloved brow-beaten, the browbeaters of society—officials, inspectors, authorities, champions, directors, good-spellers, winners of beauty contests, powers that be, governesses, boy orators, street-car conductors, successful candidates, belles-of-the-season, prize bulldogs, trust magnates, cooks, floorwalkers, tax-collectors, infant phenomenon—the whole inglorious horde of disagreeables. Ah! the super-dog, the dog rampant, is the real outcast, the miserable one, for he ramps alone.

THE Finnish Diet is the most unique legislative body in existence. It is the only one in the world to which both men and women are eligible, which is elected on the basis of universal adult suffrage and is not controlled by a second chamber. At the last election fifty-six per cent of the town voters and one-half of the rural voters were women. With the exception of the passage of a tremendously radical liquor act, but little was accomplished during the recent session of the Diet, but this fact, thinks The Bellman, is not altogether to the discredit of the legislators; it is better to have done little than to have passed laws which subsequently demand repeal. Too much rather than too little legislation is the fault of most parliaments.

Continuing its comment on the subject The Bellman expresses these views: The future will determine the wisdom of Finland's remarkable political move in giving women the right to vote and hold office. Probably the immediate results will naturally be disappointing, possibly, sometimes, even ridiculous, but the elements of time and experience must be given a chance to show their regulating influence. Woman can no longer be considered a negligible quantity in the world's work. Enlightened intelligence is giving her greater opportunities to demonstrate her power while modern civilization with its improved facilities for the despatch of household duties, and modern methods of education and care for the young,

enable her to give more time and attention to other matters without sacrificing her natural relation to the family of which she is and must continue to be the mainspring.

It is a question whether for centuries the world has not ignored the higher, finer and greater possibilities of its far better half in an ignorant, mediaeval and brutal desire to confine it within the narrow bounds of purely domestic drudgery. There is loss in giving the race horse occupation in nailing a dray. There are women who find their highest possible destiny within the walls of the home and a great, beautiful and most valuable field it is, but others there are better suited for a less domestic existence. Surely these should have their chance.

THE extravagant style of dressing of the ordinary Englishwoman never fails to arouse the astonishment of the Parisian. She cannot understand how they manage it; how the little typist buys her furs and feathers, her large hats and her tulle ruffles, how the wife of the city clerk manages to provide herself with light-colored flimsy frocks in profusion, with clean white kid gloves and muslin, lace and chiton hats covered with flowers; how the ladies she meets in trams and busses or walking in the street find the money for their velvet gowns, their ermine muffs, and their expensive headgear. In France, actresses, ladies of title, or millionaires spend several thousands a year on their clothes. They can afford it, and it is a part of their stock-in-trade of advertisement; but that the bourgeoisie and the shop girl should thus be decked out in fine feathers passes their comprehension. The fact is, the Frenchwoman saves, the Englishwoman spends all on her person and in aping the extravagances of those richer than herself.

WHAT would Doctor Johnson have said if he could have foreseen that within two hundred years of his time those whom he aptly characterized as "wretched undeveloped girls" would develop to the point where they could gather in a single city nearly a thousand of their sex, each of whom bore the time-honored degree of bachelor of arts?

If, says The Bellman, the gruff old critic could have been in Boston at the recent assembly of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae he must have amended his savage comparison of a woman's preaching to a dog's walking on his hind legs—not well done, but surprising in that it should be done at all. For these learned ladies spoke well, presided with dignity and fairness, debated with courtesy, and got through a vast deal of business and pleasure in the week of their meeting.

SIR WILLIAM WHITTALL, writing from Constantinople to The London Mail, on the subject of long and faithful family service, cites a remarkable case. "I may say," he writes, "that I have an English nurse in my house to whom I am indebted for forty-five years' invaluable services, and I have also two female domestics who have been with me twenty-five and thirty years respectively. But this is as nothing to the long service of an orphan girl aged seven whom my great-grandmother took into her house out of charity about the year 1775. Of her own free will she remained as washerwoman to the family for ninety years, dying in 1865, at the age of ninety-seven. A few months before her death she begged my wife to let her wash the linen of our infant son, and having washed, dried and ironed it, she exclaimed, 'Now I shall die happy, for I have served six generations of my benefactress's family!'"

Such instances are rare. In a new country like Canada, however, it is but natural that there should be a constant shifting of servants, for we have no class, permanently and necessarily, servants. No doubt it would in the end be better for many to accept service—better for them as individuals—but the spirit of endeavor, the ambition to attain, with which nearly everybody is inspired in a new country is unquestionably a good thing for the country.

STRANGE to tell, the Esquimaux despises the white man as an inferior being. And, so far as the white man comes within the Esquimaux's observation, he does appear to be inferior to the squalid savages of the Arctic.

A white man in the Arctic starves where an Esquimaux finds plenty of food. A white man loses his way in wastes of snow and ice, which the Esquimaux traverses as unerringly as a policeman does his beat in Toronto or New York. Hence the Esquimaux

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feels himself, as in that respect he is, the superior.

The Esquimaux doesn't know what the white man accomplishes in his own zone. He hasn't seen skyscrapers, locomotives or ocean liners. He hasn't read books and he is no judge of art. To him the two accomplishments most worth while are procuring food and keeping the right track, and in these, so far as he can see, he can give the white man odds and beat him.

We smile at the narrow scope and self-assurance of the Esquimaux, but are we quite guiltless of the same folly? Don't we judge other peoples very much as an Esquimaux judges us?

What is stronger than the average Canadian's, the average American's, the average Englishman's, the average Frenchman's contempt for foreigners? Aren't we persuaded, most of us, that our own race, nation or tribe, Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Gaul, Teuton or Israelite, is a sort of chosen people, and that all outsiders are Philistines? Don't the Chinese despise us as intensely as we despise them?

How few persons are so cosmopolitan, so thoroughly "oriented" that they perceive the peculiar merits of foreigners! How few Westerners or Europeans can so detach their minds from Western customs and modes of thinking as to get the Asiatic's point of view of a matter! Has the British Man in the Street ceased to sneer at the "frog-eating Mounsheers"? Has

the Parisian learned that beef-eating is not the most pronounced characteristic of the Englishman, and beer-guzzling of the German?

LIFE, which used to be a sealed book, has become an open newspaper. There may be privacy in the backwoods—there is none elsewhere, not even on the back stairs. Nowadays, says Edgar Saltus, in The Smart Set for February, nebulae are photographed, and probably enjoy it. As it is in the heavens, so has it become on earth. A perceptible variation in the social barometer is the result. Time was when society's chief office consisted in forcing the affiliated into a straightjacket of set rules. Whatever one's stature a condition of mixed negativness ensues. The process had its advantages. In dwarfing it polished; in stultifying it restrained. People manacled in camisoles of stupid customs could not, it is true, jump in and save the drowning, particularly if they had not been previously introduced, but at least they were prevented from popping out at you from every sheet in the land. The process had, therefore, its advantages. Perhaps, too, it had its defects. Yet it is permissible to wonder whether the latter are not to be preferred to the indecencies of to-day.

"What has surprised you most in the States?" a local reporter asked a junketing foreigner. "The universal rudeness," was the prompt reply.

### Beati Possidentes.

BLESSED are ye, ye wealthy! Not that the poor man whose heart is content

Longs for your gold and silver, Or that, foolishly, he thinks You are exempt from the toil which all

Who breathe must pay to sorrow. No. He knows full well That pain lives in palaces also; Despair may drive proudly in coaches; That jewel worn by your ladies may Be symbols of sterilized teardrops, Bitterly wept, and in secret, He knows it, and has for you Rather the sigh of compassion Than the bitter word of envy, But one thing you have that he lacks; For it you should humbly give thanks To the gods, the givers of all, For you may stand all aloof From that which drags men down into the dust.

And no one ever places you On the narrow cliff-edge of dire want Between the noblest aims And actions vile, unworthy. Nor do you know the care and fret That gnaws with cunning rat's tooth down

Into the very soul. Chains lofty thought to vulgar deed, Forces a noble heart Into the slough of inactivity. Till, at the end of the long fight, Despair creeps on, and then a man goes down, Laden with guilt, into the darksome depths, If you but will, you may unto the end Be faithful to yourselves. Naught hinders you from being Loyal and nobly true. Therefore, Blessed are ye, ye wealthy!

—From the German of F. von Saar.

### The Dog and the Collar.

A GROUP of men were talking about dogs the other day, relates the New York Sun.

"I had a brute of a bulldog one time," said one man, "which a friend gave me. I always had wanted a bulldog, but not this kind."

"This beast was so ill mannered that in spite of my best efforts I couldn't get him to obey me. When I called he might obey once in seven times, not oftener."

"I kept him for about three weeks, but his habits were so bad that I made up my mind to get rid of him. One afternoon I was going home with the dog. That is, we were in the same street, but the dog wasn't paying any particular attention to me."

"I called to him, but he didn't come. That decided me. I decided then and there to cast him off."

"But as he had on a fine silver collar I made up my mind to get that back. Again I called, but the beast did not heed me."

"He was not far away, and I ran after and caught him. I was just taking off the collar, when the driver

of a truck who had been watching me said:

"Let that dog's collar alone. 'I looked up and said: 'He's my dog, and I guess I have a right to the collar.'"

"The truck driver sneered. 'Oh, sure,' he said, 'he's your dog, all right. That's the reason he wouldn't come when you called him twice just now. I was watching you. You're trying to steal that collar.' 'The case certainly looked very bad for me. It was a valuable collar, the dog obviously hadn't acted as if he knew me and the crowd which gathered around began to be uncomplimentary. The horrid beast actually smiled."

"Go on, prove property," said the interfering truck driver. 'If he comes when you call him I'll give in. I'll leave it to the people standing around. I can't say fairer than that.' 'That seemed to be a popular move and one man conducted the dog away to a distance, the beast frolicking about the stranger. I called him. I might have used Sanscrit, Volapuk, Esperanto or any one of a group of moribund or suppositious languages. Come? He'd see me further first."

"Well, luck wasn't all his way. Just as things were as bad as they could be up came a policeman who knew me, cleared the crowd away and said he'd arrest the truck driver for blocking traffic if he didn't move on. Yes, that's the collar up there on the wall."

### COBALT.

Now is the time to get interested, but before doing so it is advisable to personally visit this, the greatest silver mining camp ever discovered, that is so accessible. Do you know that you can take a Pullman on Grand Trunk "Cobalt Special" from Toronto daily at 9.00 p.m. and reach Cobalt for breakfast 8.55 a.m., have the whole day, visit the town of Haileybury and New Liskeard, and get back to Toronto at 8.00 o'clock the next morning. Descriptive pamphlets and full information at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, or address J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Clarence—And do you mean to say that you received no invitation to the Burridge's ball?

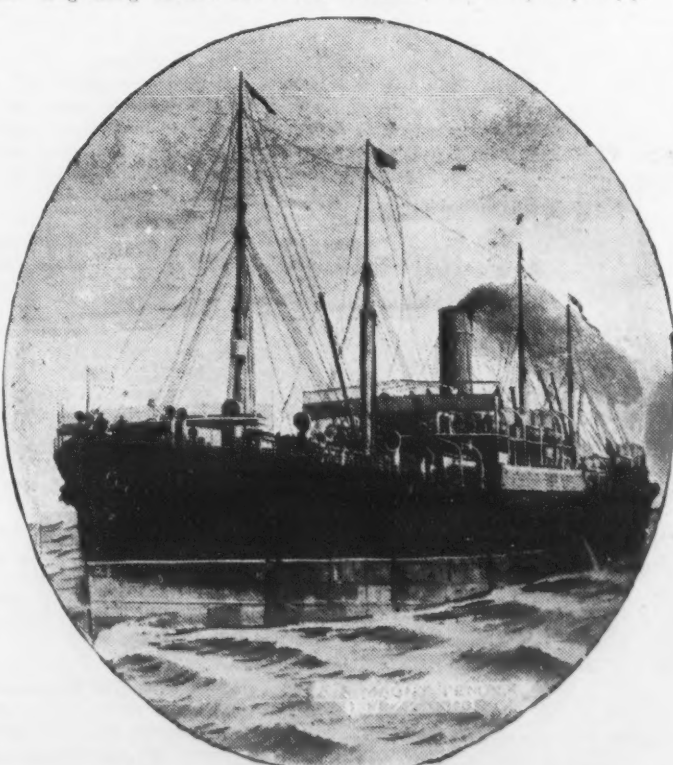
Arthur—No, bah Jove! But I shall get jolly well even with them, y' know.

Clarence—What shall you do, old chappie?

Arthur—I shawn't go!—Cleveland Leader.

A Preston hockeyist is called Bernhardt. If he hits an opponent on the head, will he blame Aunt Sara's artistic temperament? — Toronto News.

Tradition gets an awful jolt in the fact that Miss Abbie Lathrop, of Granby, Mass., runs a mouse farm.



The Mount Royal

The Canadian Pacific liner, which sailed from Antwerp on December 7, and was lost sight of for a month. Interest and anxiety regarding the fate of the ship had become widespread throughout Canada, when she arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, on Jan. 7. Leaking boilers and violent gales had compelled her to return east.



## Nova Scotia as a Colonizer

The Province Down by the Sea That  
Has Sent its Sons in Thousands to all  
Parts of Canada.

A WRITER in the Halifax Chronicle dubs Nova Scotia Colonizer to the Continent. He says:

On the voters' list of every big city between the Isthmus of Panama and the North Pole are the names of Nova Scotians. Go where you will, you find "bluenose" boys.

The West is rich in them. You could form a strong Nova Scotia Club in every city and town between Montreal and Victoria and always be sure of having a quorum to pass a resolution praising the Mayflower province. You cannot walk the streets of Winnipeg without hearing your name called by some old school mate. You cannot enter a Winnipeg church but you find the names of Picou boys written in "the books of the pew," in which books these same homesick lads have inscribed their conviction that "Nova Scotia is God's own country."

As you trek on to the foothills the Nova Scotian still is in the land. In the mountains you find him, and hear him say that the hills make him think of home. When you come to the Coast cities you discover that he is very many and he explains his love for these places by pointing to the sea and saying, "I feel at home here when I look upon that."

If you travel south, on the west coast your experience in the north is repeated. All along this mountain-mantled seaboard you may find the sons and daughters of Nova Scotia. Return by the great Southern or Northern lines of "The States" and you can pick a bunch of Mayflowers in any city you wish to try.

When you arrive in the New England region your down-east acquaintances and friends and relatives are an embarrassing multitude if you endeavor to see them all. And how, they all, East, West, North and South, love the little rock-rimmed province, so picturesque with its hills, and river meadows, and marsh lands; so rich in its roots and fruit crops and its fisheries, both sea and stream.

And how they talk about the laws, and the ways of the land, and vow that there is none other like the life in the peninsular province and also vow to go back there when they make their pile and have earned the riches of rest.

All this is beautiful to hear, and if one were not reminded of similar eulogies on the remote and rejected things of life it would be a joy forever. Unfortunately, however, it too often turns out to be merely the mumbling of some half-forgotten dream and the mumbler is the only one deceived. One thinks this because for a quarter of a century this return of the wanderers to their beloved province has been looked for, as much as it has been longed, but up to date the tramp of their feet has not been heard, nor is there unusual evidence to show that now they are turning their tired hearts to the homeland. And yet they sincerely love it. It is only their vow to return that one can discount. Their allegiance to Nova Scotia is deep and real and their remoteness from her gives a perspective that brightens the colors in her halo. Their latest breath will whisper her praise but it will be whispered under the skies that arch, not over her rich areas but under the skies that arch

over the land that is far from her hills and the sound of the booming Atlantic breakers on her high shores. How true it is!

Nova Scotia is Colonizer to the Continent. She has nourished and brought up tens of thousands of men and women who are props of the body politic in our own far-flung Canadian fields and "in the great republic to the south of us." She has, proportionately, as many loving, admiring children, who feel the world's need will not allow them stay at home, as has Auld Scotia. Scotch blood is the blood of a colonizer. This is a patriotic explanation of the knight-errancy of Nova Scotians. It can be accounted for on other grounds.

Look at her situation. Sea-girt and sea-seamed. The wide, luring ocean with its mysterious horizon forever saying, "Come," and the sea-going streams forever saying "follow and find" make the desire to explore a strong and constant thing. Again what a hinder-land piles up and up behind her until the Rockies are reached. Is it any wonder that the instinct to climb hills that is in us all should not show itself in the men who dwell down by the sea on the edge of the long slope?

### Old Friends.

WE just shake hands at meeting With many that come nigh; We nod the head in greeting To many that go by— But welcome through the gateway Our few old friends and true; Then hearts leap up, and straightway There's open house for you,

Old Friends,

There's open house for you!

—New York Tribune.

SIMEON FORD tells of the sad case of a young married woman who suspected that her husband was indulging in wine. She determined, however, to say nothing till she had confirmed her suspicions.

In conversation with her bosom friend, she said she would give anything to discover the truth. The friend mentioned that a man even slightly intoxicated cannot pronounce words of length. This gave the young wife an idea, which she proceeded to put into execution.

When the young women met again, the suspicious wife announced that the worst had been ascertained. She burst into tears and took from her hand bag a paper which she handed to her friend.

"I gave him this," she sobbed.

The friend read from the list the following words: "Philoprogenitiveness, disproportionableness, pseudotesia, phthisis, parochronism, hypochondriasis, photochromy, syncategorematic."

"And," added the unhappy wife, with a fresh sob, "the wretch missed nearly all of them!"

MR. AND MRS. ISRAEL ZANGWILL were married some four years ago, and the great Jewish litterateur not long afterwards took his young wife to America. They were entertained by a well-known New York club at dinner, and a gallant admiral, in proposing the health of Mr. Zangwill, remarked that it was a pity they could not claim him as a citizen of the United States. The humorist in reply said that, as a matter of fact, he did belong to the United States "through my wife, by marriage."

Everyone was much puzzled, for Mrs. Zangwill was unmistakably English; and with a grave face she had to explain to her kindly hosts.

"It was a joke," she said sadly, "the United States, through his wife, by marriage—united state, the married state, do you see?"

## SOCIETY

DINNERS have been given at Chudleigh, at Clover Hill, at Llawhaden and at the Hunt Club this week. Mr. D. R. Wilkie entertained the members of the Canadian Art Club, of which he is president. Mrs. W. D. Matthews and Mrs. James Scott also entertained small parties at dinner. Ever so many bridge parties have been on the tapis. Mrs. Robertson, 14 Admiral road, entertained her bridge club of four tables, and an equal number of friends beside, one day this week, the club playing upstairs and the out-guests in the drawingroom. Mrs. Haney is giving a dance on Monday evening. Mrs. Cawthra is giving a large At Home at Yeaton Hall this afternoon.

A huge reception was held at Government House last Thursday, Jan. 9, when everyone seemed to have determined to present themselves about five o'clock. There were many strangers, visitors in town, riant parties of girls, gallant young men and family groups of three, four and in one case five members. Mrs. Sampson, of Edmonton, was an admired, graceful young matron, Mrs. Charles Boone was another. Dr. and Mrs. Vaux, Mr., Mrs. and Mr. Gerald Larkin, Mrs. and Miss Ireland, Mrs. J. R. Stratton, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. and Miss Boulton, Mrs. Monk, the Misses Keating, Miss Gyp Armstrong, Miss Norah Gwynn, Mrs. and Miss Murray, Mr. Stuart Greer, Dr. McLellan, Mr. Boulton, Mr. Edmund Morris, were a few of the visitors. About six o'clock a dashing party of beautifully gowned women arrived en motor from Llawhaden, where they had been "bridging" all the afternoon.

Mr. Greening and his daughters are going abroad next month for an extended tour. Miss Bertha Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, has gone to Winnipeg. Mrs. Scott Griffin, who has been in hospital here for a slight treatment, was well enough to return to Benvenuto on Monday. Miss Tudor is visiting Mrs. Cawthra at Yeaton Hall.

His Honor Sir William Mortimer Clark has kindly promised to open the first exhibition of the Canadian Art Club, for which invitations were out this week. The exhibition will be held in the York County Municipal buildings, Adelaide street east, and will open on the evening of February 3 at half past eight. The buildings are close to the west side of Church street on the south side of Adelaide and the foreword concerning the exhibition of the new club is anticipative of great things.

Major Archie Macdonell's engagement, to which I referred a fortnight ago, has been formally announced. The Halifax lady to whom the stalwart D. S. O. has offered his hand and heart is Miss Marjory Slater, and I am told she is everything that is good and charming.

Another engagement, between the son of a rich man and the daughter of a millionaire, is being quietly spoken of by their intimate friends.

Mrs. Becher, of Sylvan Tower, who has been for some time an invalid, is still in that condition, and no change is hoped for to better her health.

The fancy dress dances given by the Misses Sternberg to their pupils were held on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday evening, Jan. 7 and 8. Both were very successful, and were attended by over one hundred and fifty children, who looked charming in their pretty costumes. An excep-

tionally dainty little girl was Miss Bonnie Bonnell, representing Pink Poppy; while the Misses Leah McCarthy and Edith Gash, as fairies, looked very pretty. A novel and well carried out costume was that worn by Miss Grace Murray, who represented Princess Osma of Oz. The Misses Reda Ince and Marjorie Ross were Spanish girls, while Joyce Ince and Helen Ross were costumed as harvesters. Among the others were: Marjory Peterson, as harvester; Dorothy Peterson, Red Ridinghood; Betty McMurrich, Red Ridinghood; Ernest Benjamin, King George; Dorothy Blaikie, folly; Marion Richardson, butterfly; Lorna Gordon McLean, butterfly; Phyllis Macklem and Gwendolyn McWhinney, fairies; Malcolm Hallam, clown; Leighton Elliott, Eton boy; John Drynan, folly; Armored Drynan, fairy; Dorothy Shannon, Queen of Hearts; Gwyneth Shannon and Esther Lawson, Spanish; Ancy Baine, Eastern Princess; Kathleen Temple, shepherdess; Marjory Fraser, Canada; Rita Haynes, England; Vivienne Da Costa, Ireland; Ivy Campbell and Katherine Murphy, night; Gertrude McGill, Gypsy; Mildred Bedells, court lady; and many others. At the afternoon dance games were played and supper was served at tables seating four, the Misses Edith Sweatman, Garnette Harvey and Dorothy Newman, of London, Eng., assisting in serving the little ones with the good things. The evening was devoted to dancing, and all left with many expressions of appreciation, and assurances of having had a rare good time.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt's twin-luncheons on Tuesday and Wednesday were given for young and married friends and proved most enjoyable. The absence of formality, the relief from the long enforced sitting still of the set luncheon were appreciated. The guests found their most congenial friends, and sat wherever they chose, and the "buffet" luncheons were a huge success.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Florence Edna Fletcher, eldest daughter of Mr. H. M. Fletcher, and Mr. John Robert Page. The ceremony will take place on Wednesday evening, January 15, at the family residence in St. Mary street.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Wilson Fraser, who have been spending their holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Junkin, 165 Crescent road, have returned to North Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Marks are to reside in Toronto. Mrs. Marks, as Maude Cowan, was a very popular girl here and both will be heartily welcomed back.

Mrs. Herbert Hulme, of Vancouver, and her children, arrived early in the week on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones. Mr. Hulme was unable to leave for the East on account of business.

Dyer—He's crazy on the subject of aerial navigation. Rye—A balloonatic, eh?—Lippincott's.

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### Equality.

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Three meals a day I always get. The food is plain, but good, you bet. I have a common iron bed, But there I rest my tired head With ev'ry comfort. You may note That I with just one overcoat Am warm and happy as can be. Why should I yearn for two or three?

I have one suit of decent brown, 'Tis true, it is a hand-me-down, But really, anyone can tell The trousers fit me very well. Indeed, I should be quite content, I do not owe a man a cent. What need I more? For, goodness knows

I have a bed, with board and clothes.

The rich man has a noble home With Grecian pillars and a dome. A practised chef is in his pay, He gets three splendid meals a day. His garments are of graceful style, He wears a polished silken tile, And patent leather decks his feet, His whole "get-up" is simply sweet.

His bed is made of hammered brass. We simply notice, as we pass, The mattress, quite the best in town, The comforters of eiderdown. But still he is a man, that's all. Like me, his vital needs are small. Why should he proudly tilt his nose? He has a bed with board and clothes. —Toronto News.

SOME one once asked "Tim" Sullivan of New York for information as to the prospects of a politician who was popularly supposed to be "on the ragged edge."

"Well," said Sullivan, "he seems to think he's getting on all right; but there are others who entertain a different opinion. The situation reminds me of the story of the old woman in Maine. Being asked as to the whereabouts of her husband, she replied:

"If the ice is as thick as Jim thinks it is, he is skating; if it is as thick as I think it is, he is swimming!"

### Cradle, Altar and The Tomb BIRTHS.

FULLARTON—On Wednesday, Jan. 8, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Fullarton, of the Music Trades Journal, Toronto, a daughter.

HODGENS—At Goderich, Jan. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Hodgens, a daughter.

BROWN—At "Glenhurst," Niagara-on-the-Lake, Jan. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Brown, a daughter.

KERNAHAN—In Toronto, Jan. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Kernahan, a daughter.

DOOLITTLE—At Hamilton, Jan. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Doolittle, a daughter.

MORTON—At Barrie, Jan. 8, the

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wife of W. D. Morton, manager of the Union Bank of Canada, Barrie, of a daughter.

TROTTER—In Toronto, Jan. 9, to Dr. and Mrs. Cecil Trotter, a son.

### MARRIAGES.

BROUGHALL-HAGARTY—In Toronto, Jan. 14, Lewis Wilmot Bovell Broughall, rector of Oakville, to Sophia Margaret, daughter of John H. G. Hagarty, Esq., of Toronto.

SHAW-SMEDLEY—In Toronto, Jan. 9, Jean Smedley, to Henry S. Shaw, M.D., of Montreal.

UPDEGRAFF-SUMMERS—In New York, Jan. 14, Edith Summers, B. A., daughter of Mr. George Summers, Toronto, to Allen Updegraff, assistant editor of "Transatlantic Tales," New York.

MCVITY-ROBERTS—On Jan. 7, at the Catholic Apostolic church, Toronto, Edith Gwendolyn, daughter of Mr. Edmund L. Roberts, to Henry Harold McVity, of Banff, Alta.

### DEATHS.

HAMILTON—On Friday, Jan. 10, at his residence, 19 McKenzie Crescent, Toronto, Chas. Hamilton, formerly of Shelburne.

MCLEOD—At Thorold, Jan. 12, Janet Henry, beloved wife of Rev. J. W. McLeod, in her 36th year.

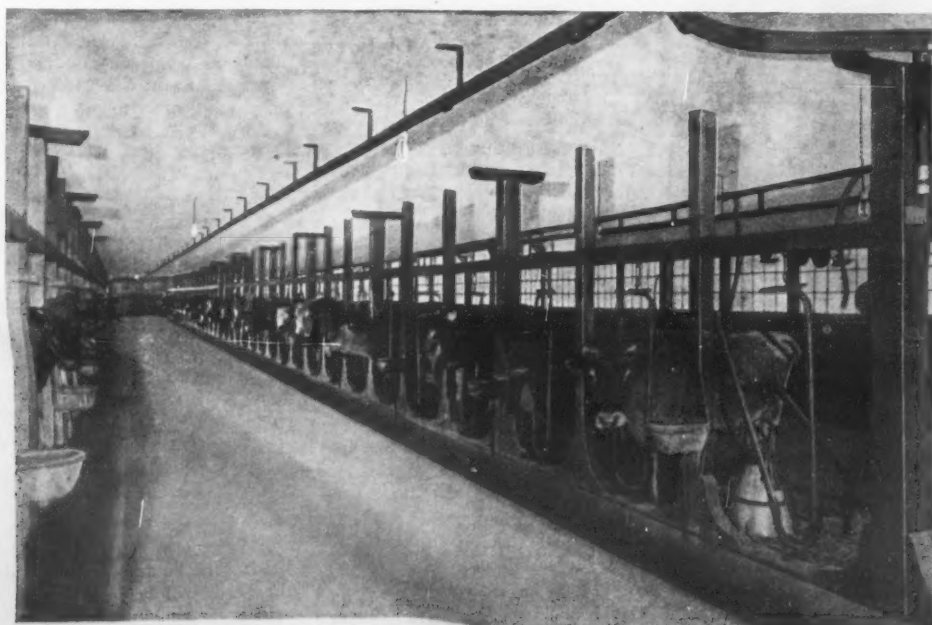
FASKIN—At Hamilton, Jan. 9, Isabel Milne, widow of the late Robert Faskin, of Elora, aged 76 years.

FAIRWEATHER—In Toronto, Jan. 9, James William Thornburn Fairweather.

CRAIG—In Toronto, Jan. 5, Olive Cicely, daughter of Robert Routledge Craig, of Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana.

KNIGHT—At Toronto Junction, Jan. 11, John Alexander Knight, M.D., in his 31st year.

HARPER—In New York City, Jan. 13, John Harper, formerly a lawyer of this city, in his 74th year.



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## On Taking Pleasure in the Day's Work

Our Attitude to Life is our Attitude to Our Daily Task—Drudgery is Destructive

By Rev. William Rader, of San Francisco

HOW many people who toil in field and factory, in street and store, really enjoy the thing they do day by day? My belief is that comparatively few sing at their work, as Carlyle commanded. "The Song of the Shirt" is a rather mournful song. It is the music of the slave, not of the master.

A man does not really take pleasure in living if he does not take pleasure in his daily toil. We divide work and play with a distinct line of cleavage. We say this hour shall be given to work, hard, slavish, disagreeable work, and this hour shall be given to play. Thus we separate the two as we separate the wheat from the chaff. I do not believe this is the ideal, of either work or play. To mingle pleasure with labor is to brighten both.

Work is the normal condition of man. We would be disappointed in the sea if it grew absolutely silent and still. It would no longer be the sea. It would then lose its natural law of motion and music. When a man stops work he is like the ocean without a wave. It is not natural for grown-up folk to spend their time in play. Children and kittens play, but mature people work. Their chief pleasure must be found in their work. Life is awkward if we must ever be hurrying through with our task in order to get to play.

I pity the drudge, especially if the drudge be a woman. In certain parts of the country women are beasts of burden. They earn their living by the sweat of their brow. In the field and factories they labor with their hands. Are they happy? No. Are they contented with their lot? No. The treadmill is not a luxury. To do the same thing over and over again without purpose or aim or end, is to wear one's life away in endless despair.

I talked with a woman the other day who had never been to a place of amusement or a great city, who had never seen a painting, or heard an opera, who had never seen the ocean nor a ship, but who had lived among flowers and fruits, and cattle and lands, and under changing skies and among green fields. I said: "Are you happy?" and her tears answered with more eloquence than words. This woman was not in need of money, but of opportunity and environment. The oyster of her life was not seasoned.

The low-browed Indians of the plain are happier than this woman in that they have no desire to see the great world. To the Indian a pony means more than a picture. Not so with this woman and her class. She is thirsty, and there is no water to quench it, and there is, unfortunately, no pleasure in her labor.

Drudgery is destructive. It creates industrial revolution. It breeds despair. It disorders the economic world. It has no music, no sunshine, no motive. The drudge is not even a prisoner of hope. Motherhood, wifehood, and womanhood are destroyed by drudgery. A man cannot be a useful father, nor a useful husband who is a drudge.

Work has much to do with the problem of life. What a man does is not so important as the spirit with which he does it. Our attitude to life is our attitude to our work. We think more about what we shall do to earn a living, more about matters economic, than anything else. It is important that we adjust ourselves satisfactorily to our work.

I do not believe there is very much overwork in the world. Overwork is often in the imagination. I asked an old man who was approaching the one hundred mark: "How do you account for your long life?" His answer was, "hard work and a clear conscience." The old man hit the nail squarely on the head. He has labored through a long life, and has been honest. Some day his neighbors will lay him away under the sod and they will erect, or should erect, a tombstone over him on which could be cut, "An Honest Man." Honest has long life in it. If we work well, "well done" will be the verdict, and they are great words.

Our attitude to our work has more to do with long life and happiness than diet. Breakfast foods, medicines, physical exercise and cold baths may help one live, but they do not reach the soul. There are only a few main relations in life and if these are disordered, nothing can atone for the disorder. A man may have a sound liver, but if he is unhappy in his work, his whole life will be filled with

bile. He may have all things, but if his domestic relations are out of harmony, what doth his prosperity avail? I believe that the trouble with many people is a chronic dissatisfaction with their daily work.

The trouble with most people is not with their bodies, but with their minds; not a matter of exercise, but of mental sanity and a rational adjustment to economic conditions.

The man who is unhappy in his work is, to say the least, unfortunate. The trouble is with himself or his labor.

He who enjoys what he is doing, however humble it may be, has a fortune in the higher resources of his labor.

Honest work is good religion. Work is the economic realization of religion. As work and play should not be separated, neither should faith and work. Work and worship are common factors in the problem of life.

The tapestry of toil is woven from the threads of faith. The two are essentially one. The moral unity of the thing we do and the thing we believe and are, is one of the basic facts of life. A man is an honest worker when he puts that which he is into that which he is doing, whether building a house, painting a picture or composing a symphony. The unwilling drudge puts bone and muscle and long hours only into his labor.

This is a world of busy workers, hammering, sawing, writing, sewing, building, discovering—a world which throbs with action; and the grandest music and highest joys should be struck out from the mighty anvil on which the hammers of the earth are always falling.

### In Autumn Rain.

What spirit is it calling in the Autumn rain,  
That bids me cast my needle by, set wide the door?  
The day is troubled with its voice and on the path  
The footfall of the dead that come no more.

To reminiscent languors now the gardens yield.  
In Spring they ardent press—in Fall resigned they know

They have fulfilled the fate of Summer—now to sleep  
Beneath the lullaby of winds that strow

The drifting yellow leaves from unresisting trees,  
To weave in mellow strands along the lane and street

Vague Moorish patterns of forgotten suns and rains,  
A golden tapestry for Autumn's feet.

Well hath the Spring a throbbing fever of her own,  
Waking and breaking from reluctant thralls in vain,

Since all her prophecy at last is lulled to peace  
In Nature's sure narcotic, Autumn rain.

O guest beloved of my heart and wailing wind,  
For you I light the hearth, entreat your will its way,

Pile high the cones and hesitate—perchance  
That haunting spirit o'er my sill should stray!

Let us elude to-night the intervening drear,  
While in the leaping flame hope's drooping pinions thrill,

Until as soothing birds we cry, "Tis but a sleep,  
Ere April call us by the daffodil!"

—Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi, in The Smart Set.

A BOSTONIAN bought an estate in Scotland without having seen it, and last summer he went over to have a look at the place. The drive from the nearest railway station to Glen Accra was a matter of twelve miles. The Bostonian hired a Highlander to drive him.

As the cart joggled along the Bostonian said: "I suppose you know the country hereabouts pretty well, my friend?"

"Aye, ilka foot o' t," the Scot answered.

"And do you know Glen Accra?"

"Aye, weel," was the reply.

"What sort of a place is it?" the American asked.

The Scot smiled grimly. "Aweel," he said, "if ye saw the de'il tethered on it, ye'd juist say, 'Poor brute!'"

THE other evening a politician, though very good "on the stump," has a great horror of being called on for an after-dinner speech, described himself when asked to make one as being in a worse case than Daniel, for when Daniel saw the lions in the den opening their jaws preparatory to the satisfying of their hunger, he said:

"Well, if there's any after-dinner speaking to be done on this occasion it won't be done by me."

## Society at the Capital

STRICTLY winter amusements characterized the greater number of the social gayeties of last week, and skating was the favorite pastime with both young and old. The new and spacious Rideau Rink was well filled on Monday night, when a fancy dress carnival was the attraction, which was under the management of the Humane Society and at which their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey and a party from Government House were present, and society in general was well represented. The colder weather came just in the nick of time to put the ice in perfect condition, and yet it was not too cold for the comfort of the spectators, who rather outnumbered the skaters. Mrs. Hanbury Williams, president of the society, with Lady Davies, Mrs. J. P. Featherston, Miss Cartwright, Mrs. W. W. Cory and Mrs. George E. Perley, who composed the ladies' reception committee; and Lieut. Col. Irwin, Col. Hanbury Williams, Mr. St. Denis Lemoine and Mr. W. Macenzie King received the vice-regal party on their entrance at 8.30 p.m. Her Excellency, with Lady Sybil Grey and their guests, Lord and Lady Middleton, Hon. Sybil Broderick, and Miss Van Horne, of Montreal, watched the bewilderingly pretty scene from the side of the rink, where comfortable chairs and warm rugs were provided, Lady Evelyn Grey being the only representative of Government House who joined the skaters. She wore a very smart military costume representing a "Daughter of the Regiment," and with Mr. D'Arcy Scott, attired as a "Golfer," led the Grand March, followed by Miss Mollie Cartwright, also in a fetching military dress, with Mr. Ormond Haycock, who was exceedingly handsome in the garb of a "Naval Officer," and about sixty couples, who, as they rapidly glided in and out in the mazy figures in which they are all now so proficient, presented a most brilliant spectacle.

The chief event of the evening, however, was an impromptu burlesque hockey match between picked teams of girls, versus young men, and in their brightly colored costumes they presented a very pretty as well as a rather comical sight, and called forth bursts of applause for the excellent play on both sides. Those taking part on the ladies' side were: Miss Mary Scott, dressed as a "Toreador"; Miss Marion Lindsay, as a "Vivandiere"; Miss Ethel Chadwick, a very pretty "Folly"; Miss Ada Davison, representing the United States flag; Miss Irene Bate, as a "Rough Rider"; and Miss Claire Oliver and Miss Louie Douglas, both in cadet costume. Their opponents were Mr. Paddy Baskerville, as "Rory O'Moore"; Mr. Allan Gill, as a member of the Hunt Club; Mr. Glen Moss, Mr. Herbert Chambers, Mr. Dean Suckling and Mr. W. H. Montgomery. The fun was fast and furious and Mr. Ormond Haycock had his work cut out for him in acting as referee, and many a "ruling off" was in order. The game resulted in a score of 3 to 1 in favor of the fair sex, the young men not being in their usual good form, owing, no doubt, to their partial disguise. Tea, coffee, bouillon and dainty edibles were, as usual, arranged upstairs in the commodious tea room which was prettily decorated. The committee is to be congratulated on the great success of the carnival, the result of which will be a welcome increase to their funds.

Ottawa, Jan. 13, 1908.

proficient performers went through the various figures, producing a most picturesque effect. His Excellency, with Miss Mary Scott, led the march, followed by Lady Sybil Grey, in violet skating costume, with Lord Middleton, and Lady Evelyn Grey, in black velvet and ermine furs, with Mr. Fred Anderson and a long line following. Even to a strong skater the march is a somewhat strenuous effort to sustain to the end, but everyone was equal to the occasion on Wednesday evening and it went through without a fall or mishap of any kind. The vice-regal house party included, besides Lord and Lady Middleton and Hon. Sybil Broderick, who have been with their Excellencies for a fortnight, Miss Van Horne, of Montreal; and Miss Langhaorn, of New York; the latter of whom is a sister of Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson and Mrs. Jack Astor.

The curling rink made an excellent supper room, where a long table running from end to end was prettily decorated with azaleas of various hues and ferns and laden with good things temptingly arranged and much appreciated. Although their Excellencies receive and shake hands with each guest as he or she is announced, no formal farewells are made and the guests who in numbers far outdid any previous event of the kind, all left at or before eleven-thirty with the feeling that they "would not have missed it for anything."

Saturday afternoon again saw a large assembly of skaters and tobogganers at Rideau Hall grounds, to take part in the exhilarating sports, and the weather being cold enough to make one keep moving the greater number of those present took an active part in the day's proceedings, those who have passed the age for indulging in these giddy sports viewing the younger ones from the windows of the comfortable tea room.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Jan. 13, 1908.

## On Being Middle-Aged

WHEN are we middle-aged? There is no very definite year for its beginning, nor any special aspect to tell of its arrival—you may be it either before or after you look it. Superficially, much depends on the point of view, for there's a wide angle between twenty and eighty; but not so much in reality. Let us consider the matter.

It, this middle-age, comes gradually, of course; though, as a rule, each of us realizes it for himself, suddenly, with a shock. One day we say of a contemporary, "Oh, of the usual age," which means, I take it, "between thirty," as Mark Twain (I believe it was he) has happily euphuized it. A Harvard professor once called this period the "Cambridge age," which struck me at the time (I had not arrived at it then) as very clever. I dare say, now, however, this specific Cambridge age has advanced along with him and me. It may be between forty now; come to think of it, I rather think it is. I didn't connect any of these terms with myself for a long time. One day, however, I remarked of some one, "Oh! of the usual age." Instantly I said to myself, with a horrid shock, "That's just what you are! You are it!" This was the beginning of my rise, or fall, to middle age.

Here let me digress a bit for the benefit of the "young person." As soon as you, "my youthful reader," begin to think about these things, it is the beginning of them; if you want to study the psychology of the further coming, now is the time to start. Before you know it, you will be it—that is, middle-aged—and the crucial moments will be gone. But let me beg of you, don't. Don't, I pray you, "dear youthful reader," don't, until you are obliged to, don't have more than two classes of people in your mind—the young and the old. It is much nicer then; and so long as it is so, you yourself are young. What a sad thought it is (its coming to me is a sure sign of my own middle-age, for it's a stock thought and expression of this period; let me give way to it once more!) what a sad thought it is that every one in the world, no matter what his condition, is for years of his life possessed of the one desirable, the one most beautiful thing in the world—youth—and does not appreciate it till it is gone! If we could only be young and realize all that youth means at one and the same time! If only we did not, with youth's perversity (almost its only one), want to be grown up! Some happy mortals, happy I call them, never do really grow up, though alas! by the time they and their friends realize it, they have lost the physical beauty of youth—which is half the game!

But to get back to middle-age. I



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did not (nor do any of us of ourselves, probably) realize being middle-aged for some time. It came to me, personally, when a youth, of twenty or so, called me "sir." And even now, although I'm almost between forty, I can't quite get over it, when another youth whom I see frequently, and who treats me confidentially as no older than himself, always addresses me as Mister.

My most violent and painful shock was, however, when I read of some play that it was "familiar to the older generation of playgoers, but unknown to the present." And I remembered that play! and not even vaguely, as one remembers the plays of one's childhood! It was a shock, too, in speaking of Julia Marlowe with a young woman, who seemed to me to be as old as I, when she said, "I am so glad that Miss Marlowe is beginning to play Shakespeare. What a lovely Rosalind she will make!" "But," I began; then I realized that Julia Marlowe was Rosalind when this young woman was bread-and-buttering in the nursery. I went the next week to see "As You Like It," but, alas! I did not see my Rosalind.

And the cities! We remember when eight stories was a high building, when we watched steel construction with interest. We remember horse-

cars, and the sensation of our first trolley ride, and squinting when we talked into a telephone! But no, no more! else I shall seem garrulous—a word of Old Age, not the "between."

When, then, are we middle-aged? When we have had these experiences, can remember these things. The keeping or the losing of our hair is a matter of health, of inheritance. The preservation or the loss of our enthusiasms is the same. Success and failure are personal affairs. Any one may mistake our ages on the street, or when they hear us talk of the weather—we do not yet say that in our youth winters were colder, or summers hotter. But when we have let slip the "between thirty" words, or thought of the "usual age"; when we remember these things; when we desire Youth; then indeed are we middle-aged,—just plain middle-aged, a word without a constant epithet. Youth is charming, joyous, exuberant; Old Age is serene, pathetic, terrible; middle-age is not even worth a capital letter. And yet, it has its compensation—we have an outlook in two directions—the only period which has; we have attained and not lost (it is to be hoped this is the case; Heaven help us if it is not!) a sane charity and a saving sense of humor. —Atlantic Monthly.



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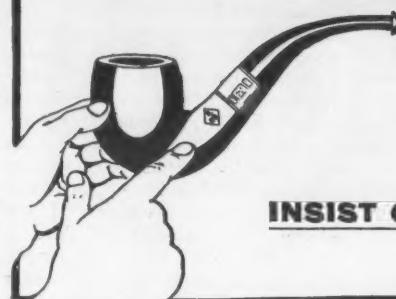
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Lack of Appreciation of Pictures and  
its Neglect of Native Painters.

IN the current issue of The Forum, Arthur Hoeber has an article on "Our Ignorance of American Art," which is deserving of widespread attention. Mr. Hoeber deals particularly with the neglect of art and artists in the United States, but all that he has to say on the subject has application in Canada as well. He inveighs against the practice of Americans in paying fabulous sums for indifferent or spurious work by foreigners, when at their doors are men of talent, "Americans who are making art history and whose works some day collectors will scramble for, paying prices out of all proportion to the needs of the workers living when patronage would have meant so much, both for physical and mental comfort."

Wealthy Americans buy "fashionable" foreign paintings without knowing just what they are buying, and Mr. Hoeber notes that it is amazing that men astute in business, who would not make any large commercial purchase without expert advice, will purchase pictures haphazard. To quote portions of his article:

How is the average American house pictorially adorned? I am speaking of the houses of the well-to-do—not, of course, of those who cannot afford to buy something worthy of their walls. Well, there are some old pictures handed down from father or grandfather, a few engravings utterly uninteresting, and many photographs of the family. Perhaps a department store water-color or two, or an etching of the cheap variety, a photograph of a popular old master, or the interminable smirking Queen Louise coming down the stairs; and this last seems by some marvellous chance to have attracted a great majority of the public. But the pictures mean absolutely nothing, evince no taste or personality, and do not for a moment decorate the walls in the remotest manner. They just cover the wall paper. In the dining room there will be possibly a hunting scene, or some gaudily colored engravings of fish, perhaps fruit. You may add, in the more literary homes, the old stand-by of "Washington Irving and His Literary Friends," or possibly Daniel Huntington's "Martha Washington's Reception," had enough in monochrome, worse in color; and there the matter ends. Clever sketches by the younger

Americans? You look for them in vain. Serious performances by men of reputation? You may not discover them, save, of course, at rare intervals. A stupid, impersonal room; and yet most of these people would like to boast of a decent chamber that their friends would admire. You ask them and they say, "We cannot afford to buy pictures, much as we would like to," which, of course, is not true, since they spend money lavishly in other quite unnecessary directions. A woman with a dozen necklaces, if she gets a Christmas gift of several hundred dollars, will buy what? a picture? Never! She will buy another necklace, which she may wear thrice, possibly half a dozen times in a season, while the picture would be seen every day in the year and for the rest of her life! The reason is simple. She prefers the necklace to the painting; for, alas! to be attractively surrounded by good art is a necessity with very few.

These people are bad enough; but a worse class is the recently affluent American who, with well-filled purse, does go in for pictures, but prefers almost anything to the product of his own countrymen; and curiously enough, the more questionable his way of amassing wealth, the less he is inclined to patronize native art. Possibly we should be thankful for this at least. Nowadays it has become the fashion for these collectors to gather in perhaps an Inness or two, maybe a Wyant, or a Homer Martin, but it is strongly suspected that these acquisitions are grudgingly secured and only because many of the other collectors have them. Frequently, too, these works are by no means representative of the charm and quality that made the men pre-eminent. Fashion has stepped in again and decreed that Inness, Wyant and Martin are to be taken seriously.

There are at least over two hundred living painters in America whose work is of sufficient importance to entitle them to a permanent place in our museums, not to mention many more who had passed away. Our landscape men are among the best in the world and have had official recognition all over, while our exhibitions hold their own with current displays elsewhere. What, then, is the matter? How is it that there is only modest encouragement? Why do the collectors neglect their own countrymen? The answer is not easy, but there are several contributing causes. Most men are influenced by their friends, or are impressed by the talk of prosperous dealers. The man who has made his fortune after years of terrific application to his office and gradually finds himself advancing so-

cially, associating with those already affluent, discovers after a while that there is something in an esthetic way that he has not hitherto had time to be interested in. His new friends have gorgeous houses, elaborately fitted up, and on the walls are paintings. Mostly these are canvases that he is unable to comprehend, that do not for a moment appeal to him, but which he is made soon to understand are costly and—in the fashion. They seem to be the right thing to have, and to keep up with the mode he drops in at some shop on the Avenue and asks a price or two, which at first stagger him. Later, perhaps, he attends an auction sale and he sees men frantically competing for these things at sums that are remarkable. It appeals to him to find that in the open market men will struggle so strenuously for these baubles, and he sees a fortune paid for a canvas that means little to him. It is the first step that counts.

In earlier days the American collector cut his eye teeth on a Bonquet, or a Ridgeway Knight. Those were men he comprehended. Pretty girl, bright colors. No brain-work necessary to take in such compositions. But he finds his friends look askance on these after a while. Those Barbizon men and the Impressionists are more in demand. Besides, they cost ever so much more; hence they must be good, for the money value is his only index. The use of a little gray matter in the affair, the looking seriously at nature and returning to the galleries to make comparisons, the reading of some good art books, the careful consideration of pictures as pictures, a personal knowledge of the artist and his work—these are things of which he rarely thinks. "So-and-so has a Corot. I have six Corots!" That is the boast. "This man Mauve is in every one's collection. I must have a Mauve," even if it is but a name signed to an indifferent canvas, and so on down the line. The American picture can be bought for between one hundred and a thousand dollars. Ergo, the American picture, cannot be of much importance or it would cost more. And this foolish process of reasoning prevails to an extraordinary extent. If the unscrupulous dealer happens into the game at first, the would-be collector is hopelessly lost, and no one can say what the result may be.

It is likely that Halifax will be re-garrisoned by British troops. It appears that the native Canadian does not take kindly to his martial duty of showing American visitors over the citadel for a ten-cent tip and a few jocular remarks.—Toronto Star.

## Exceptionable References

(Concluded from page 9.)

your address I'll give you mine, and we can write and tell each other what they are like afterwards. I've got a bit of chalk somewhere."

She fumbled in the dusty confusion of her little pocket while Harry found the envelope of his sister's letter and tore it in two. Then, one on each side of the lodge gatepost, the children wrote, slowly and carefully, for some moments. Presently they exchanged papers, and each read the one written by the other. Then suddenly both turned very red.

"But this is my address," said she. "The Grange, Falconbridge."

"It's where my sister's gone to live, anyhow, said he.

"Then—then—"

Conviction forced itself first on the boy.

"What a duffer I've been! It's him she's married."

"Your sister?"

"Yes. Are you sure your father's a good sort?"

"How dare you ask?" said Charling.

"It's your sister I want to know about."

"She's the dearest old darling!" he cried. "Oh! kiddie, come along; run for all you're worth, and perhaps we can get in the back way, and get tidied up before they come, and they need never know."

He held out his hand; Charling caught at it, and together they raced up the avenue. But getting in the back way was impossible, for Murchison met them full on the terrace, and Charling ran straight into his arms. There should have been scolding and punishment no doubt, but Charling found none of it. And, now, who so sleek and demure as the runaways—he in Eton jacket and she in spotless white muslin—when the carriage drew up in front of the hall, amid the cheers of the tenants and the bowing of the orderly, marshalled servants?

And then a lady, pretty as a princess in a fairy tale, with eyes as blue as Harry's, was hugging him and Charling both at once; while a man, whom Harry at once owned to be a man, stood looking at the group with grave, kind eyes.

"We'll never, never tell," whispered the boy. The servants had been sworn to secrecy by Murchison. Charling whispered back, "Never as long as we live."

But long before bedtime came each of the runaways felt that concealment was foolish in the face of the new circumstances, and, with some embarrassment, a tear or two, and a

little gentle laughter, the tale was told.

"Oh! Harry, how could you?" said the stepmother, and went quietly out by the long window with her arm round her brother's shoulders.

Charling was left alone with her father.

"Why didn't you tell me, father?"

"I wish I had, chiddie; but I thought—you see—I was going away—I didn't want to leave you alone for a fortnight to think all sorts of nonsense. And I thought my little girl could trust me." Charling hid her face in her hands. "Well! it's alright now; don't cry, my girlie." He drew her close to him.

"And you'll love Harry very much?"

"I will. He brought you back."

"And I'll love her very much. So that's all settled," said Charling cheerfully. Then her face fell again. "But, father, don't you love mother any more? Cook said you didn't."

He sighed and was silent. At last he said, "You are too little to understand, sweetheart. I have loved the lady who came home to-day all my life long, and I shall love your mother as long as I live."

"Cook said it was like being unkind to mother. Does mother mind about it, really?"

He muttered something inaudible to the cook's address.

"I don't think they either of them mind, my darling Charling," he said. "You cannot understand it, but I think they both understand."

## Vos Non Vobis.

THERE was a garden planned in Spring's young days, Then, summer held it in her bounteous hand; And many wandered thro' its blooming ways; But ne'er the one for whom the work was planned, And it was vainly done— For what are many, if we lack the one?

There was a song that lived within the heart Long time—and then on Music's wing it strayed, All sing it now, all praise its artless art; But ne'er the one for whom the song was made; And it was vainly done— For what are many, if we lack the one?

—Edith M. Thomas.

"Mamma, have I got to take a bath to-night?" "I'm afraid you have, my dear." "But I haven't done anything all the week to deserve it."—Life.

## What a Difference a Hundred Years Make.

The Debutante.  
1808.

- 6. a.m.—Milk the cow.
- 6.30 a.m.—Eat.
- 7.30 a.m.—Load Bullets.
- 8.15 a.m.—Weave three and one-third yards linen.
- 9 a.m.—Dodge Indians.
- 10.03 a.m.—Do something heroic to pass down to descendants.
- 11.15 a.m.—Go down to beach to watch Mayflower come in.
- 12 m.—Eat.
- 1.15 p.m.—Water the turkeys.
- 2.40 p.m.—Dodge Indians.
- 3.10 p.m.—Worry about sweetheart.
- 4 p.m.—Pick arrows out of the pig.
- 4.50 p.m.—Milk the cow.
- 5.15 p.m.—Eat.
- 6.30 p.m.—Listen to father read the Bible.
- 7 p.m.—Go to bed.
- 1908.
- 10 a.m.—Breakfast in bed.
- 10.30 a.m.—Have hair dresser.
- 11 a.m.—Answer invitations.
- 11.45 a.m.—Complete financial arrangements with Count Brokski.
- 12.15 a.m.—Reject seven suitors.
- 1.30 p.m.—A luncheon for twelve buds.
- 2.45 p.m.—Bridge.
- 4.15 p.m.—Football game.
- 5.20 p.m.—Three teas.
- 5.45 p.m.—Two more teas.
- 6.15 p.m.—Listen to father read the latest murder trial.
- 6.30 p.m.—Read novels.
- 8 p.m.—A dinner.
- 9.15 p.m.—Theatre. ("Mrs. Warren's Profession.")
- 10.55 p.m.—See the man she really loves.
- 11 p.m.—Cotillion.
- 2.30 a.m.—Tell mother all about the day.
- 3 a.m.—Retire.
- New York Life.

"Are you sane or insane?" asked the American reporter of the murder-suspect who was charged with killing his sweetheart. "Did they see me do it?" asked the prisoner in his turn. "Saw you plain as day," was the reassuring answer. "Then I am crazy, of course," replied the prisoner, impatiently, as he turned to receive bouquets from a group of well-dressed and tenderly adoring women. —Chicago News.

Bishop (kindly)—And all these lovely young ladies whom I have just met in the guild room have some common bond?

Curate (modestly)—Yes. They all hope to marry me.—Judge.